

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JURY COMPROMISES.

The silliness of juries rarely surpasses that shown by the one recently collected for the third trial of Pucknott. It may not be remembered, at this distance of time, how atrocious was his crime. But the thrill which ran throughout the community on January 2d, 1870, when the morning papers told the

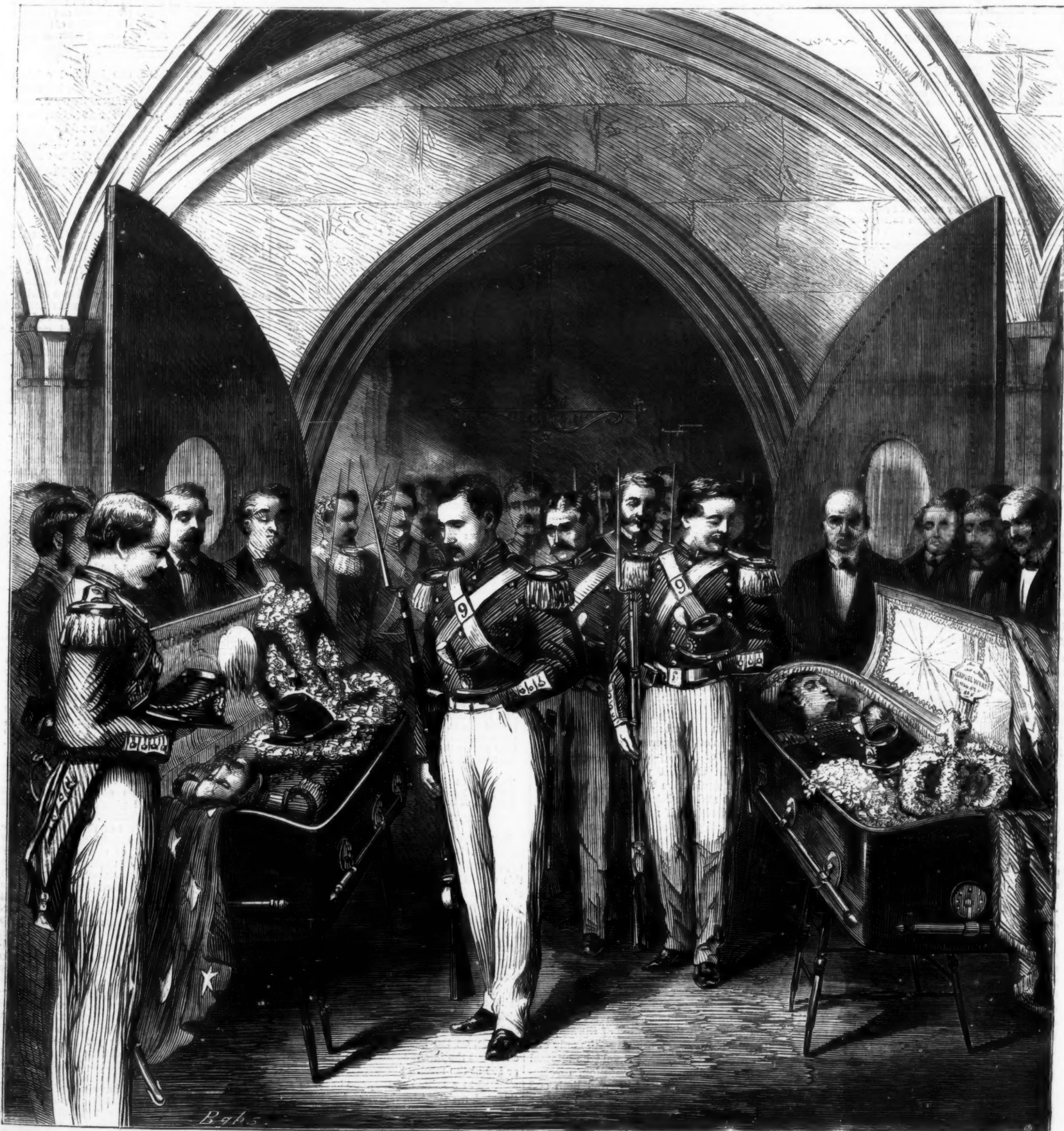
tragedy enacted amid the festivities of the previous day, will scarcely be forgotten, if surpassed by the Fair and Foster homicides, and the multitudinous husband-murders of the notable women of Connecticut and Baltimore.

Without a word of warning, or any real cause, if any existed—without an evident reason, except "cussedness"—Bucknott, who

had for years been a lazy, worthless, vicious man, invited two gentlemen, a father and son, to visit him on New Year's Day. He had carefully loaded a double-barreled gun with heavy shot, and almost immediately on their entrance, after shaking hands with them most cordially, he stepped from the room, ostensibly to procure a third tumbler, to join them in a drink of cider to which he had invited

them, got his gun, and without a word killed the old man with one barrel, with the second apparently killed the son, actually putting out his eye, and so injuring him, that for many weeks he was senseless; and then, with the butt-end of the gun, beat out the brains of his wife.

On the first imperfect trial the jury disagreed. On the second, one of the jury—an



NEW YORK CITY.—THE VICTIMS OF THE RIOT—FUNERAL OF PAIGE AND WYATT, JULY 16TH—THE MEMBERS OF THE NINTH REGIMENT TAKING LEAVE OF THEIR DEAD COMRADES, IN THE CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET.—SEE PAGE 347.

old soldier, whose former injuries subjected him to periodic attacks of stupor—refused any action, and the trial thus came to naught. The third jury, after being out all night, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, with a recommendation for mercy.

The plea had been insanity, and we should have been glad, for our respect for human nature, had it been made out. But, after nearly twenty hours' delay, the jury returned with a verdict of "guilty and a recommendation to mercy." A more asinine result could not be made. If insane, he should have been immediately acquitted; if guilty, the utmost punishment of the law was imperatively demanded. But a recommendation to mercy—there could be but one reason for it. There were eleven obstinate men on the jury, and this was a compromise exacted by the "only sensible one" present. This one, it seems, would not convict beyond murder in the second degree, while the obstinate eleven believed the crime of the culprit to be murder in the first degree. The result, as we have said, was a compromise, which we hope the Executive will firmly ignore.

When will this wretched system of trial by jury, or rather that part of it requiring unanimity, be abolished?

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NOTICE.

To our subscribers in Texas: Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

NOTICE.

With this number is given an illustrated SUPPLEMENT, containing further chapters of the Continuation to DICKENS'S novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

In a late number was commenced a most powerful and brilliant story of modern society, entitled "MAUD MOHAN; OR, WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?" by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), known, wherever English literature is valued, for her remarkable novels—"Dennis Donne," "Called to Account," "False Colors," "Playing for High Stakes," etc.

Besides its selection of the choicest fiction and other literature, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as it was the first is the principal purveyor of PICTORIAL NEWS on this Continent. Its unapproached facilities enable it to represent the events of the day promptly on their occurrence, and whether they fall under the eyes of its American or European art-reporters. Depending upon its own resources, and considering American news the paramount business of an American journal, it is in the habit of relegating the illustrations of foreign events almost exclusively to a single page, where may always be found an interesting group of pictorial quotations. The body of the NEWSPAPER is filled with original pictures of contemporary occurrences. In this specialty FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has no competitor.

PROHIBITION OF PROCESSIONS IN CITIES.

The recent bloody riot in this city is likely to engage public attention for a long time—not on account of its horrors, which will soon be forgotten, but because it has brought up serious questions of municipal government and public policy.

We have a facile way of talking of our "rights," "exercising our rights," and "insisting on our rights;" but we seldom seriously reflect on what our "rights" are, or ought to be. What may be our right abstractedly, may not be our right under the varying conditions to which we may subject ourselves or be subjected. The circumstance of living on a farm or in a factory, in the country or in a crowded city, may alter, if not the whole character of natural rights, materially modify them. Any man has the right to manufacture gunpowder; it is a thoroughly legitimate occupation. But when that manufacture endangers his fellow-men—as, for instance, in a large city—we compel him to go away from it, to some spot where the risks to life and property from his pursuit are reduced to a minimum. This is an undoubted abridg-

ment of his abstract right to manufacture gunpowder wherever he pleases.

It seems almost childish to state gravely a proposition so simple. But why do we abridge his abstract right? The answer is as simple as the proposition. It is because other men have not only rights, but superior ones, such as security to life and property, which his manufacture, conducted simply in the interest of gain, imperils. And as he has chosen to enter into a community of men, he must yield to their superior claims to be protected in the enjoyment of their rights.

The manufacturer of gunpowder may claim, with truth, that his occupation is a useful one, and gunpowder itself an essential adjunct of science and industry—a necessity, in various ways, to his fellow-men. It is a perilous occupation to make it, but he adopts it as a means of livelihood. He is a good member of the community, into which he has chosen to enter; he recognizes its rights, and places his manufactory where the dangers to that community are least.

But were he to purchase a building in the heart of the city, and commence the manufacture of gunpowder there, what would be the duty of those to whom the community has entrusted its safety, whether policemen or soldiers? Clearly to stop him at once. Especially if his manufactory were not only dangerous, but a nuisance besides.

"Well, what has all this to do with the riot of the 12th of July?"

Simply this. Men come into this country bringing with them the explosive elements of national hatred, social animosity, religious bigotry and intolerance, and traditional feuds—more dangerous far than gunpowder. They bring them into a community that respects alike the rights and conveniences of individuals and of society. They voluntarily become members of that community, claiming all its privileges and advantages.

Of course, it is their duty to abstain from indulgence in their hates, bigotries and feuds. This they owe to the country and the institutions in which and under which they have chosen to place themselves. This they owe to society and the community, as well as to justice and the law.

But what if, disregarding their duty and their obligations, they disturb the public peace to the extreme of arson and murder, and it is found that, from lack of education and appreciation of republican institutions, they can no more be trusted, with due regard to the general safety, than a powder manufactory—what then is the imperative obligation of the authorities to whose care the community has committed itself? Clearly to prohibit any acts of theirs that would endanger, or injure, or annoy the public.

Now, then, all distinctive processions, or open demonstrations of foreigners, are of this kind. The Frenchman detests the German. The German is not the bosom friend of the Frenchman. The Cuban's eye fires at the sight of a Spaniard, and the Spaniard is ready to murder the Cuban. The Pole becomes frantic when he sees a Russian; an Irishman shrinks from an Englishman—who has only contempt for the Irishman. But worst of all is the issue between Irishmen and Irishmen—Ribbionmen against Orangemen, and both against the negro, who is, we believe, getting to be hostile to the Chinaman!

What are all these hates and animosities to us? Nothing whatever, except when, through needless, costly and idle demonstrations they lead to disturbances imperiling the lives and property of the community. Then it becomes both a duty and a necessity to repress them, often at the cost of innocent blood. Is it not better that they should be prevented altogether? Let the bloody 12th of July answer!

"Would you prevent such innocent displays as processions of Temperance and Benevolent Societies and of Sunday-schools?"

Clearly. In the first place, because their continuance would give to the common mind, the ignorant and the intolerant mind, a vague notion of favoritism, if not of injustice. And also because all processions, in a crowded city like ours, are nuisances—obstructing the streets, embarrassing commerce, impeding travel, and annoying the thousands for the whims or pleasures or vanities of the few. What can be more absurd than dragging a thousand children through the streets, in an irregular line, beneath a hot sun, or through rain and wind, to the damage of their clothing and the peril of their health? Is their physical or moral welfare improved? Are they made better or wiser?

"But the Glorious Fourth?" Read the list of killed and maimed, the statistics of fires and the police returns that are published on the morning of the 5th, and ask yourself if even on this day—the only one which parades of any kind should be allowed—the cost of display, the confusion, discomfort, drunkenness, loss of life and limb and destruction of property, are not too great a penalty to pay for the indulgence of a sentiment or the enjoyment of a saturnalia?

But the prohibition of processions should

be general—not special; and so long as one kind is tolerated or "protected," all should be, at any cost and all hazards.

CAMP-MEETINGS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

It is deemed a happy consummation by many people whenever they can "unite business and pleasure." The example of some sectarians is now showing how religious duties may be combined with the enjoyment of rural scenery during the "heated term," when clergy and laity alike desire to exchange city routine for a brief Summer sojourn amid the groves and meadows, and by the river-side or seashore.

The camp-meetings of the Methodists, so far from falling into disuse, are becoming more firmly fixed as distinguishing features of their widely-extended organization. In many cases, now, tracts of considerable size are purchased for permanent use in camp-meeting times; and cottages and sheds are erected in large numbers for accommodating the crowds congregated on such occasions—large canvas tents or light wooden frames, sufficient for sheltering a good-sized congregation, being provided as "securities against rainy days." The temporary shelters of all kinds and sizes are being laid out in some cases, as they ought to be in all cases, in such way as to render the scene most attractive and impressive—utilizing the natural features in such manner as to render the grounds pleasant and beautiful as far as practicable. Surely, no intelligent mind or unperverted heart was ever rendered less devotionally inclined by contemplating the charms of Nature.

It ought to be a primary object to select handsome localities, commanding cheerful prospects, where woods and waters combine in beautifying the scene, as is the case in some of the places now most attractive for camp-meeting. The clergy, as well as the laity, feel the benign influences of such surroundings. Many of the most beautiful thoughts expressed and lessons taught by the Founder of the Christian Faith and by the worthies of the Old Testament, found impressive illustrations in natural scenery—in the trees and shrubs and flowers surrounding them in their ministrations. The practice, now happily becoming prevalent, of adorning pulpits and altars, and communion-tables and baptismal fonts, with abundant and variegated flowers, would find a happy counterpart in the glories of flower-culture and shrubbery blooming in and around places dedicated to the worship of the Creator.

A prominent feature on all camp-meeting grounds should be a pleasant grove, wherein the congregation could meet when "wind and weather permit." Indeed, Bryant's allusions to sylvan worship—in his sublime "Forest Hymn"—should, in all cases, be remembered among clergy and laity in connection with Camp-Meetings. What more appropriate inscription could be appended to the gateway of the locality, or affixed to some stately "monarch of the woods," than this apostrophe from that noble production of our great American bard?—

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication: For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the still twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of Boundless Power
And Inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at
least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear."

THE English system of Primary or popular education is to be subjected to some novel experiments, which the friends of education in this country will watch with interest. On the strength of a report by Professor Huxley, it proposes three classes of schools—infant schools for children under seven, in which the sexes are to be mixed—junior schools for children between seven and ten, in which boys and girls may be taught either together or apart, as seems most desirable in each locality, and senior schools, for children between ten and thirteen or upward, in which the boys and girls should be taught separately—the junior and senior schools to be organized, as far as possible, on the large scale for schools of 500 each, but the infant schools not to exceed 250 or 300 at the most. Sixteen teachers are to be allotted to a school of 500, one head, four certificated assistant-teachers, and eleven pupil-teachers. The schools are to be open generally five hours daily for five days in the week. Corporal punishment is not to be absolutely

forbidden, but it is never to be inflicted by pupil-teachers, and never at all without the sanction of the head-master, and its frequent use will be regarded as a sign of a teacher's incompetence. Scripture with explanations, music and drill are to be taught in every school.

We are told the great French War Indemnity Loan for \$400,000,000 is a great success, and it may certainly be regarded as such; but we are not told that it has been raised at great sacrifice, in countries where the ruling rates of interest are only about 3 per cent. It is issued at 80, to bear 5 per cent., with a discount of 6 per cent. for full payment. Those who comply with this condition will obtain an interest, in fact, of 6 per cent. in gold. American 5 per cents. stand but a poor chance under such conditions in the foreign money markets.

It is commonly objected that France during twenty years enjoyed both rest and welfare; true, but those who are blinded by a long course of material prosperity are invited to read and to meditate upon this passage of one of Father Lacordaire's letters:

"Impiety leads to depravity; corrupt morals produce corrupt laws; and licentiousness impels nations into slavery, without giving them time to utter a cry. . . . Let us beware: it is not merely the life of a single day's apparent tranquillity and spasmodic vigor which spreads itself abroad and sports in conquests. Sometimes nations sink in an unconscious death, which they mistake for a sweet and pleasant rest; sometimes they perish in the midst of festivals, singing hymns of victory and calling themselves immortal."

THIRTY-FOUR of the one hundred original shares of the New York *Daily Times*, belonging to the estate of its late editor, Henry J. Raymond, were recently sold for \$375,000, or at the rate of \$11,000 each. This would represent a total valuation of the *Times* of \$1,100,000. Some idea may be formed from this fact of the enormous value of a successful newspaper in New York city.

SEWING-MACHINES.

EVERY little while the community is startled by a report in the newspapers that some doctor who had never before been heard of, or some medical society composed of a number of equally obscure individuals, called collectively an Academy of Medicine, has declared sewing-machines to be destructive to female health, and the direct cause of most, if not all, of the female complaints, weaknesses, and morbid fancies that fall to the lot of womanhood.

We have no patience with such statements—first, because there is not the slightest foundation for them in fact; and next, because the sole object of these men in proclaiming such erroneous statements is to bring themselves into notice, as you will oft see a badly brought-up child do some unseemly act simply to be noticed, or a hoydenish girl make herself reprehensible rather than be neglected.

The last instance which has come to our notice is the utterly stupid remarks of some members of the Academy, to the effect that the use of the sewing-machine, by its simple friction, had such a physical effect upon the females working them, as utterly to demoralize them, rendering them a prey to local irritations and nervous disarrangements of the most debilitating and exhausting character.

Especial reference was made to an alleged similar report of an English medical society, and which the former was intended merely as a corroboration.

Admitting, for argument's sake merely, the allegations of the English society, there is not the most remote reason why the same is true with regard to machines made and used in this country. The English machines are ponderous fabrications, made with two pedals, to work which the knees are raised alternately nearly to the chin, and with no little force pressed down again. They resemble very much the stepping motion of the ordinary hand-loom, and the fatigue is consequently very similar to that produced by using this machine. Unfortunately for the probable truth of this sensation idea, since its time-immemorial employ we have never heard of any such dire excitement of the geniculate organs and the consequent nervous irritation and physical exhaustion as having been induced thereby.

Our sage academicians of the obstetric section, so clamorous for something to raise them from their dead-level of obscurity, evidently know not the great distinction between the English and American sewing-machines, for not even heavy machines, used for stitching the hard leather of harness-work, or the thickest seams and padded breasts of beaver-cloth overcoats, produce any such ills as are alluded to by these wiseacres.

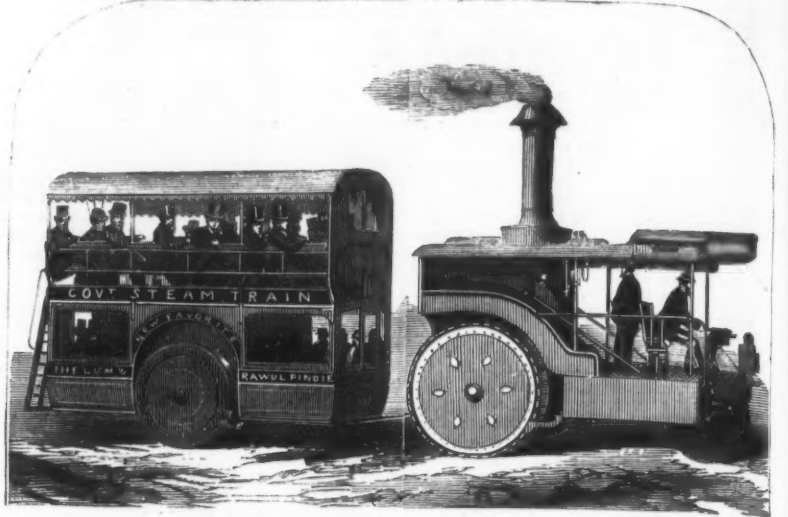
We speak advisedly when we deny most positively that any form of disease is traceable to the proper use of a sewing-machine by any woman in health. For twenty years we have carefully watched the progress of the sewing-machine, visited the large factories where it is used by the hundred, questioned the makers, the foremen in the workshops, the girls daily working them, and never yet have been able to trace a single case of disease as having been originated by the use of this domestic implement.

Many ladies, indeed, have complained that they felt lame, etc., from using the sewing-machine. These complaints medical men hear frequently from their patients. So, too, we have heard a lady complain of great stiffness

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—A SKETCH IN HYDE PARK, LONDON—BOTTEN BOW IN ITS GLORY.



ENGLAND.—THREE-WHEELED LOCOMOTIVE-ENGINE AND OMNIBUS, FOR USE ON COMMON ROADS IN INDIA.



SPAIN.—ANTI-CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION AT MADRID, DURING THE ILLUMINATION FOR THE PAPAL ANNIVERSARY—BURNING THE POPE IN EFFIGY.



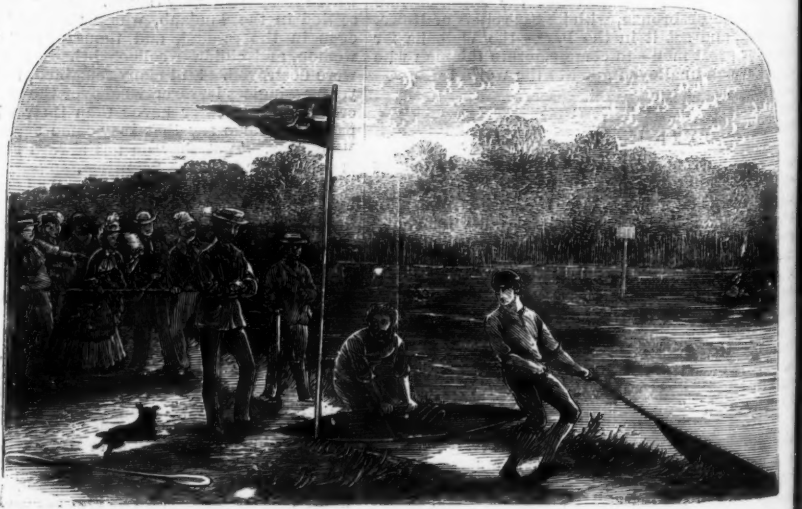
ENGLAND.—BELGIAN CARRIER-PIGEONS STARTING FOR BRUSSELS FROM SYDENHAM PALACE, NEAR LONDON.



PARIS.—PRESENT STATE OF THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS, IN THE TUILERIES PALACE.



ENGLAND.—THE FRENCH PRINCE IMPERIAL AT THE QUEEN'S REVIEW IN BUSHEY PARK, JUNE 30TH.



ENGLAND.—CANOE RACE AT HAMPTON, JUNE 24TH.



Caiaphas (Johann Lang).
Chief of Chorus.

Pilate (Tobias Flunger).
Peter (Joseph Hettl).
Magdalen (Joseph Lang).

OUR LORD (Joseph Mair).
Judas (Gregory Lechner).

John (Johann Zwink).
Madonna (Francisca Flunger).
Guardian Spirit.

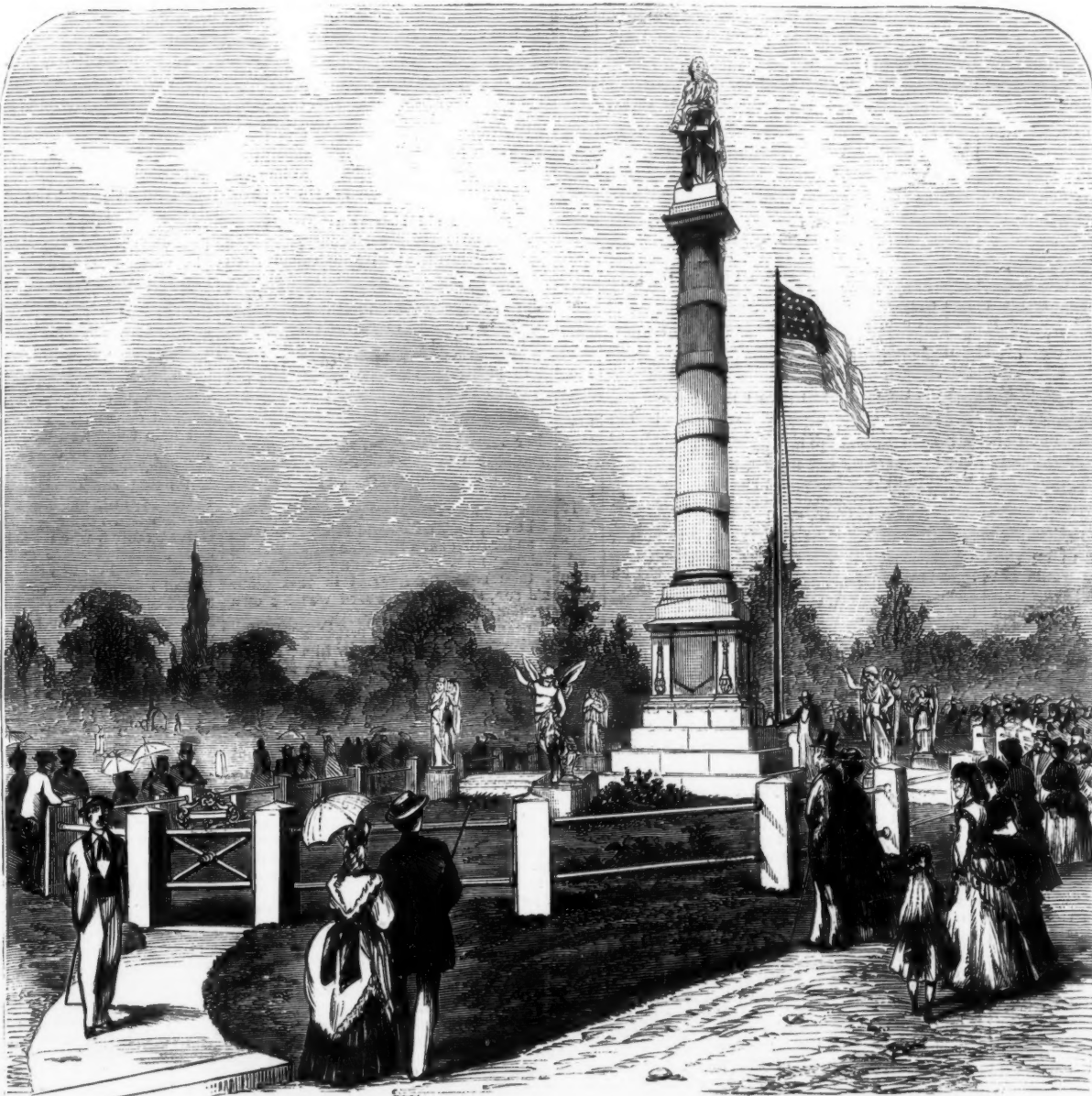
Guardian Spirit.
Nathaniel (Paul Froeschel).

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE PASSION PLAY, NOW PERFORMING AT OBER-AMMERGAU, BAVARIA.

THE PASSION PLAY.

Those eager to see a rare bit of medievalism—coming out, like a strange mirage, in the full daylight of modern life—have only to go, during these Summer months, to Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria. A "Miracle Play," in the shape of a *Passions-Spiel*, is being, and will be acted there, in short intervals, between June last and September next; even as it has been done in various parts of Germany half a thousand years ago, when those religious representations flourished in full vigor.

Originally, the play at Ober-Ammergau was to take place last year, when, all of a sudden, the two most cultivated nations of the Continent were made to go through a ghastly *Passions-Spiel*, in which Calvaries of slain warriors were heaped up, and thousands of sorrowing mothers filled the land. It was almost a tragicomic occurrence, yet full of hidden pathos, to see young Mair, with his long curly hair, who represented Jesus Christ, drafted off into the army, and several of the Apostles joining the Bavarian artillery. By special intercession, Mair was allowed to retain his flowing locks and even to do without the uniform, being appointed to fill the post of a military copyist. The other chief actors were, by good luck, spared during the campaign from death or maiming, though the village whose theatrical performance has obtained so world-wide celebrity has also to deplore the loss of a number of its inhabitants, who perished in the battlefields in France. Peace having been concluded, the people of Ober-Ammergau



NEW YORK STATE.—MONUMENT ERECTED TO GENERAL DANIEL DELAVAN, THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT, BY COLONEL CHARLES H. DELAVAN, IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.—SEE PAGE 343.

at once bethought themselves of resuming their play, for which, in the course of the usual interval of ten years, they have indeed made long and careful preparation, which they would not like to have done in vain.

The practice of these religious representations has long reigned in the Catholic Church of Germany; but nowhere can it be observed now in such pristine raciness as in the *Passions-Spiel* at Ober-Ammergau. There the performance takes place on a colossal open-air theatre, containing eight different compartments, in which, at one and the same time, large groups of actors can be placed. Even as of old, the palaces of Herod and Pilate occupy the corners of the scene; they are buildings of two stories, constructed for the purpose of such simultaneous acting. The proscenium is of gigantic proportions. In this manner, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the exciting scene in which the populace call for Barabbas, can be fitly represented. Between the various sections of the drama there are choruses of singing girls, reminding one of the classic choros, and serving to explain the *tableaux vivants* from subjects of the Old Testament which are inserted as interludes. The music, it is true, is of a more modern style, with evident recollections from Haydn's oratorios. The actors are all natives, mostly simple citizens and peasants. Not less than one hundred and four speaking parts for men occur in the Passion Play; fifteen for women. Counting those also that have dumb rôles, as well as the choruses of the girls,

the orchestra, and the theatrical attendants, the number of the whole *personale* rises to nearly five hundred persons. In the interval of ten years, which occurs between each of these representations, various other plays, mostly of a religious character, are committed to memory and publicly given, for the sake of improving the capabilities of the actors. Now and then, even a drama like Schiller's "William Tell" is employed for that object, which shows that the taste of those villagers is not so restricted as it might appear at first sight.

Into the performance of the *Passions-Spiel* the people of Ober-Ammergau enter with a realistic vigor that makes the supernatural fit in with most wonderful ease to the occurrences of everyday life. Irrespective of its Church aspect, the theatrical representation of that Bavarian village has, however, an interest as a curious instance of the dramatic powers of a somewhat primitive population. Like all old customs, this one of the "Miracle Play" is probably destined to perish in a comparatively short time. In the meanwhile, before it comes to an end, and a tradition which reaches back into early antiquity is finally extinguished, it may be of use to fix its origin, and to point out, so far as that is possible, the connecting thread between this relic of medieval Catholicism and the ancient German rites of the pre-Christian Era.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair
With their beads to the dust and black tails in
the air;
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reach-
ing higher.
And I rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane
full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering
cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden
fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the
storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
Then the rushing of fire rose around me and
under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of
thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward
and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them
and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they
died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

By ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—HE HAS THE WAY.

THERE are very few people who have not experienced that utter profound dejection which makes the reaction after any peculiarly pleasurable excitement. Gertrude was feeling it in all its depressing forces when they reached home in the clear half-light that was over everything that fair June night after the Mitchells' party. The others had plenty to say about what they had seen and heard and thought of the stranger who, though he was a stranger, was one of themselves. But Gertrude could not bring herself to talk freely to them about him.

"Gertrude could tell us what sort of a young man he really is better than any one," Mrs. Oliver said, as they toiled upstairs. "She kept him to herself pretty well."

But Gertrude turned a deaf ear to all this under cover of her weariness, and would not attempt to tell them what sort of a young man he was, or, rather, what sort of a young man he was to her—which is, after all, the utmost that any one of us can tell about any one of our fellow-creatures. He might or he might not add to her happiness in days to come, but unquestionably he had added to it this night. He had a wider horizon than she had ever been given a glimpse of before, and this first vision of breadth is a bewildering and bewitching one to a young girl. And already he was projecting plans that, if fulfilled, must of necessity bring Treverton and the world nearer to one another.

"I suppose you will think it rank heresy on my part when I tell you there is something very dim and ghostly about the old place to me?" he had said to Gertrude; and she had rejoined:

"I think it's a glorious old place. If it's half as grand inside as it is outside, I think you ought to be satisfied with it."

"You know all the ins and outs of it better than I do, of course. All my knowledge was gained this evening, while I was waiting for dinner. I looked through half-a-dozen rooms and found them all desolate."

"I have never been inside the porch-gates," she said, quietly; but she was conscious that she blushed under the quick and surprised glance he gave her as she spoke.

"What?" he asked, almost sharply.

"You must know that the people who hired

it were very rich and pompous. Papa kept away from them," she replied.

"But, on and off, the house has been empty several years?"

"I never saw it," she said, shaking her head. And he had turned thoughtfully away for a minute or two. Presently he had resumed:

"You will soon know it well; my mother comes next week. And though she is not given to much society, she brings a pleasure and society-loving friend with her."

"A lady?" Gertrude could not help asking, though she was angry with herself for suffering her curiosity to get the better of her dignity in the brief contest that had arisen between these qualities.

"Yes, a lady—some of whose goods and chattels have preceded her. I am commissioned by her to look out for a handsome pair of ponies for her little phaeton while she is here."

"Then the phaeton papa saw was hers?" Gertrude said, throwing all dignity to the winds.

"He said the initials were not yours."

"No; they are hers—M. M. She is endowed with a pretty name amongst other things—'Maud Mohan.'"

"And she is a great friend of—" she hesitated, and he saw that it was on her lips to say "yours." But he took advantage of the momentary hesitation to help her, by saying:

"Of my mother's—yes, a very great friend. I have been away from my mother so much, that she found it essential to her happiness to have some one to love close at hand, and so for some years she has seen a good deal of Miss Mohan."

"Why couldn't she have come down here and loved her own husband's relations?" Gertrude thought, speculatively. And she made up her mind at once that there must be something dubious about this Miss Mohan, who had monopolized affection which there were legitimate recipients for.

"For some years she has seen a good deal of Miss Mohan!" Gertrude repeated Sir Edward's words to herself. "She is not very young, I suspect. I wonder if she is pretty?"

"I must come to you—the only ladies I have any claim on here," he said, pleasantly, "to help me about organizing festivities that may bring Colton Towers into good repute again."

And Gertrude felt her heart swell with pleasure at this pointed statement of his desire and intention to be friendly with them.

"I shall see the inside of that dear old place at last!" was one of her last waking thoughts that night.

And about the same time her father was saying:

"I suppose it will be that I shall see the inside of the old place again, my dear. This young fellow has evidently no intention of holding aloof from us."

"I wish he had come back married—and without his mother!" Mrs. Maskelyne said, with a prophetic feeling that the young fellow's not holding aloof from them might not turn out the absolute boon and blessing which it had appeared to be so far to her youngest daughter.

The next morning he came to see them, waiving all formality at once, accepting them frankly as a semi-detached branch of the family.

"He hasn't even waited for papa to call on him," Gertrude could not help saying to her cousins, who were preparing to depart.

"That is exactly what I should feel inclined to resent, if I were Uncle Edward!" Louisa Oliver replied, in a judicial way. "It's such an assumption of patronage, quite giving himself the airs of the grand man of the place who goes about making the acquaintance of his humble neighbors in their own homes, because they must not presume to seek him in his!"

But for once Gertrude did not feel the keen edge of her happiness blunted by Louisa's shafts. She simply laughed as she listened—laughed in that effortless way which is gall and bitterness to the one who has meant to pain.

"You forget that my father is his uncle," she said.

"Oh, my dear! you give us no opportunity of forgetting that most honorable fact! Did you impress Guy upon him as pertinaciously as you have impressed him upon Guy? I say nothing about Carry and myself, because I'm sure we don't want to know him!"

And then Gertrude did feel rather conscience-stricken, for, in truth, she had not striven very earnestly to make Guy's relationship to herself manifest to Sir Edward Maskelyne.

Meanwhile Sir Edward was sitting out on the old formal, handsome terrace that overlooked the spacious expanse of garden, with his uncle and aunt.

"You and my cousins must be kind enough to come over and give us the benefit of your directing taste," he said to Mrs. Maskelyne. "Mrs. Walters seems an excellent old lady, but I shall distrust the appearance of things unless you give a look round; and I want the old rooms to make a good impression on my mother."

"Does Lady Maskelyne like the idea of coming back?" Mrs. Maskelyne asked, without answering his request.

"Yes—no. I really can hardly satisfy myself on that point. My dear mother has been variable about it; she likes her London life, but she'll sacrifice that rather than not be with me, now I am come back to her. Her health is not good now."

"Is it not?" Mrs. Maskelyne had intended saying, "I am sorry to hear it;" but somehow the words refused to form themselves upon her lips.

Then Sir Edward went back to the old subject of her daughters and herself going up to Colton Towers to tell him in what elements of beauty and comfort his house was most conspicuously deficient, and she found herself constrained to promise that they would go—some day.

"It must be one day very soon, remember," he said, eagerly. "Not like the present for

doing a good thing. Why not this day—this afternoon?"

"Then you must come back with us and dine, Edward," Mr. Maskelyne said; and Mrs. Maskelyne found that the scheme of intimacy about which she had an undefined dread was developing in spite of her.

He left them soon after this arrangement had been made—left them, to the mother's delight, before Gertrude rejoined them on the terrace. When the girl did come back, any disappointment which she might possibly have felt at not finding the new element there still, was counterbalanced by her joy at hearing of the plan that had been made for the afternoon.

"I have never said much about it before," she said, "but I have always had a longing to get inside Colton Towers! It has been hard not to go, has it not, mamma?"

"Not hard to me," Mrs. Maskelyne said.

"Why, don't you like him, mamma?"

"My dear Gertrude, when you're my age you won't hold the opinion that it's absolutely necessary to want to go into every one's house whom you don't happen to dislike." And then Mrs. Maskelyne got up and walked away, "to speed the parting guests."

By-and-by, when Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne were getting ready for that drive to Colton Towers which Fate and Sir Edward ordained should be taken that afternoon, Mr. Maskelyne repeated that question which his daughter had asked his wife that morning.

"Why, don't you like him, my dear? You would never allow a senseless prejudice against a woman to influence you against that woman's son, surely?"

"Edward, my married life has been so far free from spot or blemish—there is surely some excuse for me. I can't forget that the woman who is coming back to upset our quiet lives, perhaps, is the one whom you loved before you cared for me—the one who would have been your wife if you had been the eldest son."

Mrs. Maskelyne spoke pleadingly, pathetically, but there was an undertone of bitterness in her speech that grated on her husband's ear.

"You have worked yourself up to this view of the case—this very foolish view of the case," he said, emphatically. "We are not young people any longer. For God's sake let us leave all foolish, unfounded jealousies and misgivings to the next generation. You heard the news indifferently enough when I first told you that Lady Maskelyne was coming home."

"Because I made sure that we should remain strangers, even as we have always been strangers; but this young man seems bent on dragging us together." Mrs. Maskelyne spoke almost mournfully, and her husband laughed.

"My dear," he said, shaking his head and laughing with quiet, subdued mirth, "set your mind at rest! I had forgotten, until you reminded me of it, that I had ever loved Lady Maskelyne. It was the experience of my hobbler-de-hoy-hood, and my brother's proper pretensions very soon put my absurd ones out of everybody's mind but yours."

Now Mr. Maskelyne was a man who never faltered with the truth. His unimpeachable veracity was one of the many things which had won his wife's respect and confidence long after her heart had been utterly surrendered to him. But now, on this occasion, the recollection that her trust had never been betrayed brought her no comfort. He might believe himself to be saying the thing that was. He might be almost oblivious of those early passages in his life now. But how would it be when he came face to face with Lady Maskelyne in the flesh again?

Would not the old charms reassert themselves—the charms of great beauty, and rare tact, and matchless grace, which had been some of Lady Maskelyne's predominant characteristics of old? Would not these weave their spells anew, and cause him, faithful husband, fond father as he was, to regret that he had married beneath him?

She indignantly resented the idea of his being too old to be liable to emotions. He was not too old to be very passionately loved by his wife; and as for Lady Maskelyne's reawakening powers, they were probably very potent still. For Lady Maskelyne had been one of those statuesque women who remain beautiful for ever in the eyes of lovers of the majestic and stately.

It stung the heart that had never been stung by him before, that he should think her "too old" to suffer from such feminine pangs as love and jealousy now. And it stung her that he should take such an interest in that other woman's son, albeit, Sir Edward was his own nephew.

"He accuses me of being senselessly prejudiced against him before I know him; but he is just as senselessly prejudiced in favor of him," she thought.

And then that other fear sprang up—that natural, pure, good fear that must assail the heart of every woman with daughters.

Fair and smooth and fascinating as he and his influence seemed now, might he not use it, unwittingly, perhaps, to Gertrude's detriment?

"Lady Maskelyne would leave no stone unturned to prevent my child being her son's wife," Mrs. Maskelyne thought; "and Gertrude is but a girl—and girls are very prone to love the first unsuitable and agreeable man who comes in their way."

Still, for all that these thoughts had obtained complete possession of her, Mrs. Maskelyne went on making preparations toward going to Colton Towers that afternoon.

She might have argued, if she had cared to argue about it, that circumstances were too strong for her, and that she went entirely in obedience to her husband's desire and the dictates of social law. But, if she had uttered this argument, she would not have exhausted the whole truth of the matter. The fact was, that somewhere at the bottom of her heart dwelt a great though not an inordinate desire to see the home that had been her husband's birth-place, and that was still the birth-right of those

who were very near to her husband in blood. She was provoked with herself for feeling this desire; but, in spite of being provoked, she felt it—and in spite of feeling it, she did gird against going, which combinations of sentiments produced chaotic sensations in her usually orderly mind.

"It's like yoking ourselves to Lady Maskelyne's triumphal car," she said to her husband as they drove down Treverton's High Street, on their way to Colton Towers, that afternoon.

"I don't see that exactly as she isn't here yet," he said, coolly, with the nonchalance of a man who will not be affected by the special circumstance or recollection which his wife is watching for him to be affected by.

"She is not here—but her son is." You shouldn't identify children so completely with their parents, mamma," Gertrude said from the opposite seat in the carriage, and the speech grated on Mrs. Maskelyne's contradictorily strung nerves as never speech of either of her daughters had grated before.

"You need not tell me that, when you're so ecstatic and I'm so—!" She stopped, and her husband asked:

"What are you, dear?"

"Well, anything but ecstatic," she said, leaning back in the carriage with a little sham air of resignation that made them laugh, and so brought them round agreeably from the too solemn view of the case they had been almost brought to indulge in.

"I am ecstatic, I confess it," Gertrude said presently; "there is but one drawback to my felicity, and that is, the fear that Miss Mohan will turn out to be one of two things."

"What are the two things you most dread in the way of girlhood, Gerty?" her sister asked.

"One—and that's the most terrible trait in the way of girlhood at all—I dread seeing a gushing, mature creature wheeling Lady Maskelyne into doing all sorts of things that she (the gushing, mature creature) likes, at the Towers; and I dread seeing a regular dashing, overwhelming 'girl of the period,' audaciousness and Grecian bend complete."

"You will not find her either of these things, if she is a favorite of Lady Maskelyne's," her father said, quietly.

"You always believed in Lady Maskelyne's taste, didn't you, Edward?" his wife said, quickly. And then that sense of their being something wrong in the relations between Lady Maskelyne and their parents set in upon the girls, and so silence reigned until they found themselves crossing the threshold of Colton Towers.

"I'm glad I am here at last—but it's not so big as I expected," Gertrude found time to whisper to her sister, as they were passing through a comfortable, moderate-sized oaken-raftered hall, that was furnished plentifully with skins and rugs, and carved oak high-backed chairs and settles. They were not the elaborately carved, artistically beautiful pieces of furniture that one sees in imagination, and in some few old baronial halls and manor-houses. But they were comfortable, undoubtedly antique, thoroughly substantial and respectable; and such as they were, they had been in possession of the same family and had stood in the same place since the time when wood-carving first received encouragement as an art in England. "I almost expected to find effigies of men in armor in the hall; were there any, papa, when you used to be at home?" she went on; and Mr. Maskelyne answered, sadly:

"I might have been absent only twenty-six days, instead of twenty-six years, for all the changes that I see in the place, Gertrude; the time will be stamped more visibly on the people, probably." Then soliloquy and surmises and sentiment came to an end, for Sir Edward was amongst them, greeting them with a delighted and delightful warmth that banished all prior thoughts, for a period at least.

He would not suffer restraint to appear at all, far less would he suffer it to reign in that family party. Yet he found it very hard to generate that air of ease and warmth which he deemed desirable. In the first place, he could not help thinking and speculating about these Maskelynes, who were as new to him as he was to them. Obscurely, back in his boyhood he had heard occasional mention made of this uncle Edward, but for many years even this mention had not been made, and he had taken it for granted, when he had thought about it at all, that his uncle had died unmarried and childless, and that so there was an end of him. It had administered something like a shock to him, feeling himself suddenly face to face with so many new relatives on the previous night, with only Mr. Mitchell's kindly mention of them by way of preparation. And he had imparted something of this electric sensation to his mother in a note he had written to her that morning:

"MY DEAR OLD MOTHER—Colton Towers gave me a fine reception last night; it seemed very dreary and ghastly without you, as I have always been accustomed to associate it with you. Some well-meaning tenants met me at the station, and kicked up a tremendous row and dust, by way of welcoming me. Mr. Mitchell, who seemed like an old friend, by reason of your frequent mention of him, called on me within half an hour of my getting into the house. He told me something that I am surprised I never heard from you—namely, that my uncle Edward Maskelyne was living in Treverton, practicing as a solicitor. I have seen him already. He is like the portraits of my father and grandfather. His wife and daughters are simply charming."

"Miss Mohan and you will not leave me in solitude long, I hope. Heap coals of fire on my head by coming to me directly, after my desertion of you for so many years, like the dear old mother you are."

"Your affectionate son, EDWARD."

It was not in the list of possibilities that the Maskelynes' first visit to Colton Towers could

be anything but a rather sad one. The young host and the young girls strove sedulously, with the mighty powers of youth, to batter off the sadness, but they only partially succeeded. The elders succumbed to it, after a very brief struggle. More than once Mrs. Maskleyne, turning to look wistfully into her husband's face, caught him in the act of sneezing, or coughing, or wiping away a tear. In this room he played with his dead brother in their boyhood. In that he had grown conscious of his brother's rivalry in manhood, when the beautiful Miss Arlington came to be their mother's guest. Here he had whispered words of love into her willing ear; and here, in the stately drawing-room, had come the conclusion! His brother, the heir, was preferred to him, and she offered her cold white hand and her sisterly regard. Faithful husband, fond father as he was, he did remember these things when he found himself back in the old place for the first time since that painful parting.

And his wife was watching him—watching him and misunderstanding him, and attributing deeper feelings to him than were really assailing his heart. He had ceased to love Miss Arlington long before he married Kate Oliver—long before Miss Arlington became his brother's wife, in fact. He had ceased to love her; he had well forgiven her, but she had been implacable. It was in the order of things, of course, that the man who had once been devoted to her should marry some one else. Lady Maskleyne was too pure and too cold to desire to retain his heart. But she could not bear the idea of that heart being bestowed upon any one else. She wanted him to marry for money—not for love. She wanted him to marry birth and wealth—not beauty and such witchery as could make him forget her. And he had disregarded her wishes, and married as we have seen. Then she had ignored him! And though he had long ceased to regard her with the slightest affection, he had been stung by the contempt which had treated himself and his wife and children as if they were not.

But his wife did not quite realize this. And so, when Mr. Maskleyne looked very steadfastly at the portrait of a woman painted in the prime of her beauty, and Sir Edward said, "That's my mother," she thought it was one of the old emotions swaying her husband's soul. "She's altered since that was done," the son went on, affectionately; "but hers will always be the best and dearest and sweetest face in the world to me." Mrs. Maskleyne's heart swelled. To whom else in that party might not Lady Maskleyne's face be the best and dearest and sweetest in the world?

The old drawing-room had been gorgeous in its day—gorgeous in couches of fine needlework on white and malke-colored satin, such as our ancestors delighted in, and in rich hangings and furniture of crimson velvets. The crimson velvet, though faded and darkened, looked rich and mellow still—quite in keeping with the portraits on the wall and the decorations of the room. But the satin and needlework looked tarnished and tawdry, "only fit to be sent to the South Bennington Museum as a specimen of household decoration in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century," Gertrude said.

"They were worked by a dame Maskleyne and her six daughters, whose portraits hang in the corridor, and who had the ill-fortune to arouse the good will of one of the adventuresses who came over with George I. She got them posted about the court, and the financial difficulties of the Maskleyne family commenced from that moment. I am stating the case fairly, am I not, Uncle Edward?"

"The financial were not the only difficulties they brought into the family, I believe," Mr. Maskleyne said, dryly; and Sir Edward Maskleyne flushed violently for a moment, looked at the last speaker steadily, and then turned away, saying:

"Let us go and see them, at any rate."

Then he led the way to a worm-eaten old corridor, fusty as to its furniture, as corridors in long disused houses are apt to be; and while they were there, it chanced that he came near to his cousin Gertrude again.

"They were famous beauties. Isn't it hard that one should have lost the tip of her nose, because the paint has cracked off? Posterity, naturally not making allowances for the inefficient varnishing, accredits her with a snub."

"Time, at any rate, has been kind, in toning down their cabbage-rose cheeks and hard, bright eyes—what they must have been when they were freshly put on the canvas. I don't admire my ancestresses the least bit in the world," Gertrude said, laughing.

"They were hardly to be compared with the present generation," Sir Edward said.

"And it's a figure of speech to call them your ancestresses, my dear," her father said. "It's one of those mistakes that I hardly expected you to make. Their brother was your ancestor. The only one of those 'famous beauties' who can rightfully be claimed as an ancestress by any one, was the one who came back to England, after a long absence, as the wife of Mr. Arlington. Your mother is her descendant. My daughters can't claim the honor."

"How funny that a Maskleyne and an Arlington should have married so long ago, and then again in the last generation!" Gertrude said. "Excuse my rhapsodies, everybody, please; but I really have so much to learn about my own people and my father's—"

"Hush, Gertrude!" her father said, more sternly than he was accustomed to speak to his beautiful daughter. Then Mrs. Maskleyne, seeing that a trifling awkwardness had fallen upon them, suggested that they should go back to the drawing-room, and carry out Sir Edward's object in asking them there, by pointing out to him how best the aspect of it might be brightened before his mother came.

So they went back to the drawing-room, and found fruit and ice wines there; and, in counselling the removal of one thing and the substitution of another, the afternoon wore itself

away. Even Mrs. Maskleyne forgot the old, old jealousy of the woman who was coming, in her desire to make things look pleasant and pretty in that woman's eyes. Perhaps, too, the thought that it would be sweet to make the woman who had scorned her acknowledge that she had good taste, was not absent from her mind, as she told Sir Edward how the room could be made habitable.

"And now come back to dinner," she said, when the clock struck six, speaking with a ring of hospitality in her voice that sounded auspiciously in the ears of all who heard her. "Mamma was rapidly becoming her own charming self again," the girls felt. The little restraint—that was not quite stiffness, nor quite coldness, but that was too near akin to both to be harmonious—was vanishing. The fact is, that a natural womanly feeling of delight in the thought of showing the son of the woman who despised her how exquisite and all-sufficient her own household arrangements were—this natural womanly feeling was acting as salve and oil. Lady Maskleyne was the proud mother of a most satisfactory son, and the haughty mistress, until that son married, of Colton Towers. But Mrs. Maskleyne's daughters might fairly compete with him where any award of beauty and breeding was to be given, and Mrs. Maskleyne's house made the forlorn and faded splendor of Colton Towers seem forlorn and faded indeed. So she said, "And now come back to dinner," in a tone and with a manner that made him think his wife a more charming woman than he had thought her while that little veil of reserve hung over her; while, as for the girls, he could only wish that his "dear old mother" was not quite so fond of Maud Mohan!

That dinner and that evening! It was a fairy feast to one of the party—a fairy feast that appeared to be entirely composed of the roses she herself had arranged, and her cousin's voice detailing his adventures. He had been travelling incessantly for the last ten years—not adventuring travel, by any means, be it understood, but still travel that had worn off his insular prejudices, and made him many degrees more interesting than any of the men Gertrude knew. Girls of nineteen are not apt to be critical about the relative claims and pretensions of men of this stamp.

"He really has the knack of speaking well—hasn't he?" Gertrude said, when they went into the drawing-room after dinner. "I hope he will do what he says—stand for this division of the county."

"Papa rather threw cold water on the idea, I thought," Bessie said.

"Yes; so cold-blooded of papa, when there is a chance of one of the family distinguishing himself so," Gertrude said, eagerly.

"Where, Gertrude?—on the hustings?"

"No; in the House, of course, mamma."

"If Guy Oliver had uttered those speeches, you would have scoffed at them as bombastic trash."

"Very likely I should," Gertrude said, promptly; "but then it's the manner, quite as much as the matter, you see, that wins us all. He has the way."

THE DELAVAN MONUMENT.

THE illustration of this monument, on page 341, renders an elaborate description unnecessary. To the patriotic and liberal citizen who conceived the idea of perpetuating the memory of his immediate ancestor, an illustrious soldier and friend of Washington, our thanks are due for adding one more memorial to those of the departed heroes who lived and died for their country. The monument is built on a high hill overlooking the valley of Sleepy Hollow, and is in the cemetery of that name. It is erected upon Battle Hill, on the site of an old redoubt used and held by the patriot bands during their numerous conflicts with the troops under General Clinton, and where, in fact, five hundred men were slain in a single action during the Revolution. Built of Quincy granite, and designed under the rules of the Tuscan order, it presents an ensemble of singular and unique beauty. Lofty and graceful, solid and enduring, the stately shaft stands a fit emblem of a pure-minded patriot-soldier. Crowning the shaft is a colossal statue of Hope, cut in glittering white marble. The effect of this elevated symbol is grand. It is the opinion of the residents of Tarrytown that to see this statue under the moonlight is well worth a visit; the face looks peculiarly sublime under that lustre. This emblematic figure stands as a memorial to all the patriots who fought for liberty on that famous debatable land lying between West Point and New York city, and is creditable to the modesty of the family who have selected such a subject in preference to a portrait of their ancestor. The entire design and execution of the monument, including the beautiful statue, is by Mr. John M. Moffitt, of this city, a sculptor who is favorably known to many of our most considerable citizens. Some of his works—such as the Entrance Gates to Greenwood Cemetery, the sculptured interior of T. C. Durant's mausoleum, and that beautiful mausoleum for Mr. Eldridge at Woodlawn, lately much commented upon by the press—prove him to be an artist who would not perpetrate such blunders as we have been favored with lately in our parks and public squares. The small statues surrounding the monument, representing the Resurrection, Hope, Faith, Love and Memory, have been added recently; also the tombs that cover the remains of the departed. These statues were imported from Italy. This unique monumental structure was erected by Colonel Charles H. Delavan, one of the surviving sons, at a cost of \$45,000. The principal column and surrounding family graves bear the following inscriptions:

1. In memory of General Daniel Delavan, a patriot of the Revolution and a warm friend of General Washington and Lafayette; born May 30th, 1757; died November 30th, 1835, in the

seventy-eighth year of his age, who, together with ten of his brothers, distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary War, which gave us our independence.

2. In memory of Eliza Johnson, wife of General Delavan; born February 28th, 1776; died September 23d, 1817, in the forty-second year of her age.

3. In memory of Colonel Daniel E. Delavan, son of General D. and E. Delavan; born January 24th, 1808; died March 31st, 1870, in the sixty-second year of his age. He filled many public offices of trust in the city of New York with honor and fidelity.

4. In memory of Edward, son of General Daniel and Eliza Delavan; born March 18th, 1803; died December 18th, 1804, age one year and nine months.

5. In memory of Robert Johnson, son of General Daniel and Eliza Delavan, born February 20th, 1801; died November 13th, 1827, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

6. In memory of Mary Ogden, daughter of General Daniel and Eliza Delavan, born June 10th, 1797, died May 24th, 1829.

7. In memory of Margaret Eliza, daughter of General Daniel and Eliza Delavan, born August 1st, 1799, died June 10th, 1846.

Two sons of this old, large and patriotic family survive, namely, Colonel Charles H. Delavan, whose pious care has provided the monument in question, and Christian S. Delavan, now residing with their sisters, Eliza D. and Hannah Delavan, in West Twenty-second Street in this city.

On June 28th the dedication of the monument took place. After Hon. Ambrose C. Kingsland, ex-Mayor of New York, had been called to the chair, the exercises were commenced by singing the hymn commencing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." This was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Allen, of Tarrytown, after which letters from President Grant and Governor Hoffman were read, in which were expressed regrets at their inability to be present. An elaborate address was delivered by Colonel Frederick A. Conkling, who was followed in an interesting speech by J. L. Douglas, Esq. The latter gentleman gave a vivid historical sketch of the Delavan family, indicating the various important parts performed by them in the severe struggle for American independence.

General Daniel Delavan was born at North Salem, Westchester County, and was eighteen years old at the battle of Lexington. He was commissioned as captain, and went through the whole war until peace was proclaimed in 1783. He received a wound at Stony Point. He was in command at West Point, and was warmly commended by General Washington for bravery and fidelity, and the Marquis de Lafayette presented him with a sword in appreciation of his services. General Delavan married a daughter of Judge Johnson, of Putnam County, and purchased a large tract of land near Sing Sing. He again enlisted in the War of 1812, and helped to place barricades across Manhattan Island to prevent the British from going from the city to Westchester County. He was present at the execution of André, and filled many prominent offices in the gift of the people. During the war his nine brothers were all in active service at the same time.

The following lines, by the late General George P. Morris, upon the death of his friend, General Daniel Delavan, written after his decease, are highly appropriate and touching:

"Let not a tear be shed,
Of grief give not a token,
Although the silver thread
And golden bowl be broken.
A warrior lived—a Christian died;
Sorrow's forgotten in our pride.

"Go, bring his battle-blade,
His helmet and his plume,
And let his trophies laid
Beside him in the tomb.
Where files of time-marked veterans come,
With martial tramp and muffled drum.

"Give to the earth his frame,
To moulder and decay;
But not his deathless name—
That cannot pass away.
In youth, in manhood and in age,
He dignified his country's page.

"Green be the willow bough
Above the swelling mound
Where sleeps the hero now
In consecrated ground;
Thy epitaph, oh! Delavan,
'God's noblest work—an honest man!'"

The Delavan Monument, in beauty of design, elaborateness and cost, stands unrivaled by any similar work of art in this country, and like the gifts of Gerard, Cooper, Cornell and others, it will prove a permanent monument of the liberality of the donor.

NIGHT SCENE ON MULBERRY STREET.

LATE in the day of the "bloody 12th" a detachment of the Eleventh Regiment, Colonel Funk, went on guard in front of the Headquarters of Police, on Mulberry Street, in which neighborhood a decidedly riotous feeling was manifest. Drove of half-drunken and insolent Hibernians were passing up and down Houston and Bleeker Streets, recruiting their patriotism and religion by repeatedly looking in at the dram-shops with which both these streets abound. Mulberry Street, which extends from one to the other, would undoubtedly have been the theatre of some hideous demonstration, and the Headquarters of the obnoxious police probably the immediate victim, but for the timely guard of the Eleventh Regiment. The soldiers, however, succeeded by their mere presence in keeping Mulberry Street clear and the neighborhood quiet, though revengeful and angry language could be heard among the mob swaying across the extremities of the street, or clotted together at the corners. The watch was kept up all night, squads of relieved soldiers lying down in the footways on mattresses

and pew-cushions obtained from St. Thomas's—a colored Episcopal church—opposite the Headquarters. Four companies, marshalling about two hundred men, were on the spot. The unusual sight of an open-air camp was thus displayed to our citizens; and the flickering lights, glinting on arms and accoutrements, were worthy of Rembrandt.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Khédive doesn't want any but American officers for his army. Frenchmen he refuses.

THERE are 913,162 more women than men in Great Britain.

ST. LOUIS has \$1,730,000 worth of school-houses—48 of 'em.

CALIFORNIA pears are selling in this city at from five to fifty cents each.

WORKMEN are employed night and day on Sheridan Shook's new theatre on Union Square, New York.

THE shore of Massachusetts is dotted with tents, occupied by persons intent upon passing a few days or weeks of Summer by the sea.

THE Prussian conquerors of Strasbourg intend to extend its fortifications, making that city pay the cost.

BALTIMORE now claims to have the largest and most extensive manufactory of big organs in the United States.

THE exports from Philadelphia during the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June last amounted to \$17,903,202, and the imports \$17,758,006.

THE Treasurer's accounts show that the impeachment of Governor Holden cost the people of North Carolina the nice little sum of \$61,542.

GREAT BRITAIN last year consumed 42,000,000 pounds of tobacco, or a pound and a half for each one of the population.

A PARIS hatter, whose stock was riddled with bullets during the siege, now sells the hats at fabulous prices as souvenirs of the war.

THE Louisiana Sugar-Bowl publishes a statement that 1,000 Chinamen have been engaged by a large planter in the sugar-growing district of that State.

EXPERIMENTS in the army bakery at Washington have shown that eight hundred and two one-pound loaves of bread can be made from a barrel of flour.

VERY handsome lockets are made of ten-dollar gold pieces, which are split in the centre and made to slide open, and the space is large enough to hold a likeness.

GEORGIA is the place where the watermelons come from. They are raised in the vicinity of Augusta, and are more profitable than cotton. Thousands are sent North every week.

ONE single pigeon, a favorite bird with the pigeon-fanciers of Paris, brought into that city during the siege 500 pages of official dispatches and 15,000 private dispatches.

THE artesian well at Sheridan, in Kendall County, Ill., on the Fox River Valley Railroad, has been sunk three hundred and fifty-five feet, and flows ten thousand gallons of water daily.

MR. SHANDLEY, the Hoosac Tunnel contractor, states that he shall have a hole through from the east end to the central shaft within eighteen months, and have the tunnel completed by July, 1874.

IN the House of Commons, July 20th, Mr. Gladstone announced that the Queen had solved the purchase problem by canceling the royal warrant legalizing the purchase of commissions in the army.

A CURIOUS and not insignificant fact is developed by the books of the Internal Revenue Office. These show, by the orders for lager-beer stamps, that about four times more of that German beverage is now made and consumed than last year.

A HEN in the vicinity of Jaffrey, N. H., got shut in behind some farming tools, and staid there for twenty-seven days, by which time, says the *Cheshire Republican*, "she shrunk so from lack of food and water, that she was able to come out."

THE New York Police Board has distributed ten thousand dollars of the Fund for Wounded Policemen among the members of the force injured in the late riot. This fund was established shortly after the bloody days of July 6, 1863.

NEW ENGLAND had a genuine sensation, July 29th, in the form of an earthquake, extending through Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. The shocks, which occurred about one o'clock in the morning, were most severe in New Hampshire.

EIGHTY-FOUR families, inhabiting the two large and filthy tenement-houses on Cherry Street known as Gotham Court, in this city, were lately removed by order of the Board of Health, in order that the buildings might be thoroughly cleaned.

THREE heavy golden vases were lately found at Pompeii, in the middle of a street, only a few feet under the ground. It is believed they were carried by priests in a procession to propitiate the gods, and that the bearers were killed while moving through the streets.

THE "Vandyke" style of arranging children's hair has been adopted here—that is, to cut the hair short off in a fringe over the forehead, and leave it long at the back. This prevents it getting in the eyes, and saves the child and nurse both much worry and bad temper.

A STEAMER just arrived at San Francisco from Japan brought a cargo valued at two and a half million of dollars, including 24,000 chests of tea, 1,000 bales of raw silk, \$33,000 in treasure, and 50 tons of choice Japanese works of art and manufacture, designed for the San Francisco Mechanics' Fair.

A COLORED woman was lately sent from Annapolis as freight by the Adams Express Company to Nashua, N. H. She was delivered at the office, properly marked, paid for in advance, taken charge of by the regular officers, and sent on her way rejoicing. She would hardly have carried so well previous to the war.

THE weekly reports of the French Ministers of Commerce and Agriculture are represented as most satisfactory. The harvests promise, in nine-tenths of France, to be above the average, while the revival in trade in the districts which have suffered from the war has been so complete, that the Prefects in the northeastern part of the country announce that there is work for everybody in the departments.

THE horse-disease is reported to be on the increase. The following figures show the number of animals that have been attacked by the maldy: Eighth Avenue Railroad Company, 180, of which 20 have died; Sixth Avenue, 72, died 13; Fourth Avenue, 96, died 18; Third Avenue, 400, died 68; Second Avenue, 105, died 10; Seventh Avenue, 40, died 16; Madison Avenue stables, 100 cases. In A. T. Stewart's Amity Street stables, 3 cases have occurred out of 74 horses, but no deaths.

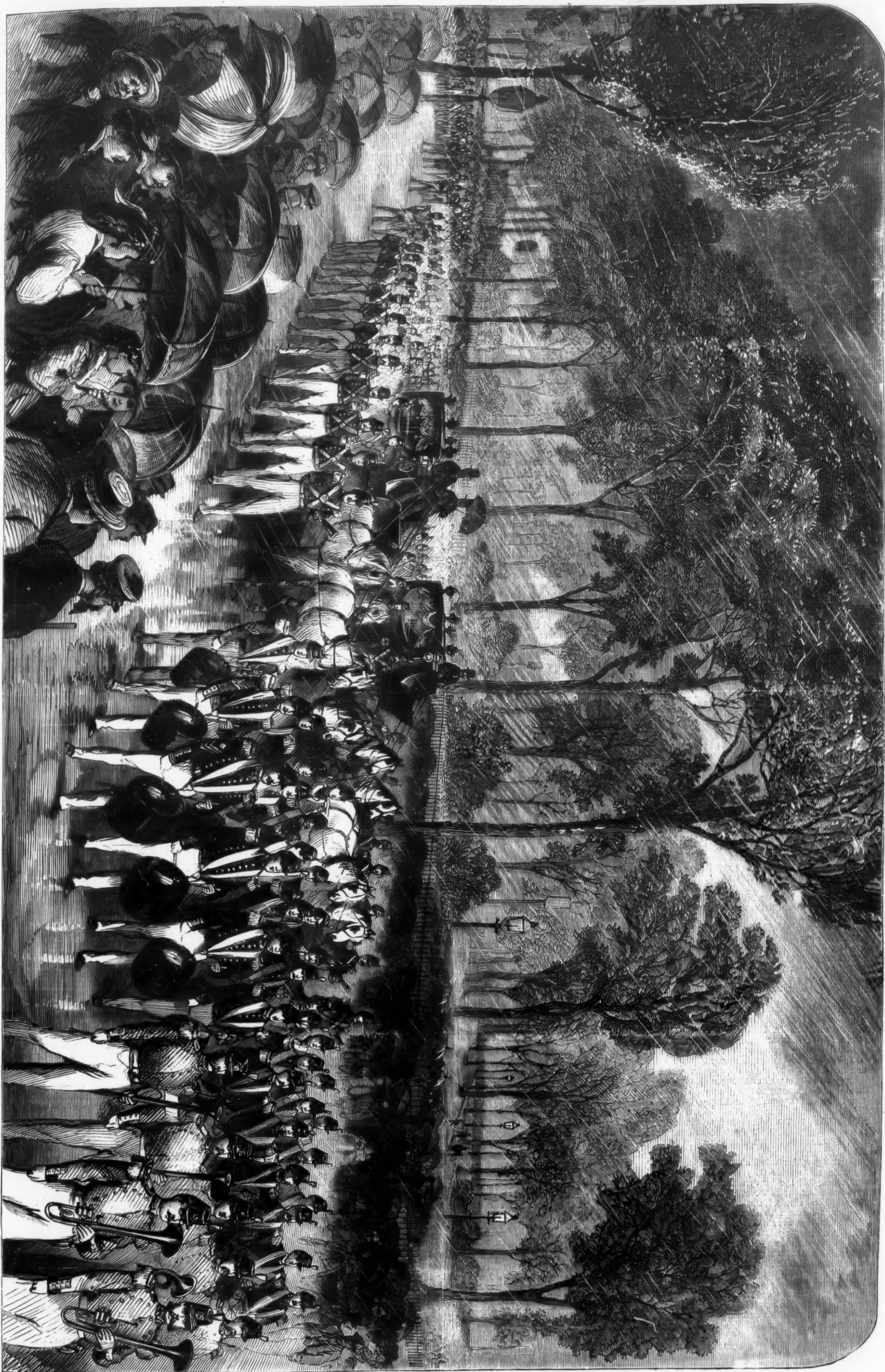


NEW YORK CITY.—AFTER THE RIOT—NIGHT-SCENE ON MULBERRY STREET—THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT ON GUARD IN FRONT OF THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DURING THE NIGHT OF JULY 12TH.—SEE PAGE 343.



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—PROFESSORS OF "CHIN-MUSIC" DISPLAYING THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN FRONT OF THE MARKET.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 347.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE VICTIMS OF THE RIOT.—FUNERAL OF PAIGE AND WYATT, OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, JULY 16TH.—VIEW FROM THE UNION LEAGUE, AT TWENTY-SIXTH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE, DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE PROCESSION.—SEE PAGE 347.



SUMMER.

WITH an aching heart and a brain outweary,
From his trembling fingers he tossed the pen,
And climbed to the roof of his attic aerie,
And gazed far down on the city of men,
And cried from above to the thronging people,
"Oh, little as ye seem, and vain and slight,
Ye are smaller, slighter"—and he turned to
the steeple—

"Meaner and valner in your Maker's sight!"
"Yea!" the bell chimed from the sacred
height.

"When death," he sighed, "left my pillow
lonely,
And my whole life loveless, hither I came
From our New World sierras—comforted only
By a far-heard echo of fame and name—
The siren voice of a phantom shrouded,
But the mystic shape is with clouds o'er-
clouded,
And her sweet strain silent. Proclaim, pro-
claim—
What may it mean? Is it well, O bell?"
And the voice from the steeple replied, "It
is well."

Once again he called to the spirit in the spire:
"If Fame forsake me as Love forsook,
What is left of all of my heart's desire?
But a buried bride and a foolish book?"
The bell no more made answer hollow,
But a fresh voice fell on the poet's ear,
A voice from the west, crying, "Follow me,
follow—
Flowers waken, birds warble, and streams
run clear—
Follow me, follow, for Summer is here!"

The poet followed the sweet-voiced zephyr
To a gay green valley in the heart of the
hills;

At his feet there leaped a laughing river,
Crowned with thorn-blossom and daffodils:
Two robins aloft on an elm were singing,
Two orioles over the stream were winging,
And this song was wafted from welkin and rills
And bird and blossom—"Sad soul, be whole,
With a hope that shall strengthen as the
seasons roll."

SKETCHES FROM CHEF-
DE-MARBRE.

No. 5.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THERE is an old legend hanging about Chef-
de-Marbre, which it has pleased me in idle
moments to work up into the following tale.
In it I confess I have altered the names of the
dramatis personæ, as I think is no more than
right, and have also seen fit to becloud the
precise localities somewhat, as those drifting
fogs that creep and slide in from sea would
sometimes mystify and obscure the localities
themselves.

With this apology to my readers, let me in-
troduce to them the story of *The Haunted House*.

A low, leaden-tinted sky, the spray of the
sea in the salt, raw air, the moaning of a fitful
wind, and the harsh, heavy break of the waves
on a rocky beach, a brown, weather-beaten
fisherman's hut, and a young girl at the win-
dow—such was the scene, some many, many
years ago, on a wild outlying headland of Chef-
de-Marbre!

Within—a dark and ancient room, dimly
lighted by its narrow window, an old woman,
busy at a huge, wide fireplace, and at the casement
the watching figure of the girl.

"It's a-comin' on to blow," said the old
crone, Vitchy Craig, as she bent over the coals
and turned the herring on the gridiron.

The herring spluttered, and sent a grateful
odor through the room.

"It's a-goin' for to blow," croaked old Vitchy;
"an' a reg'lar one it'll be, too, I do believe!"
And the old woman raised herself from the
hearth, and with a broken fork poised in one
hand, listened to the moaning wind that came
in ghastly flaws down the chimney and swept
great clinders out over the sanded floor.

Attentively she regarded her companion, yet
with a furtive glance, as by the dim light from
the narrow casement the young girl bent over
the meshes of a net, whose huge coils lay on
the rug by her side, and which she seemed
busily mending.

Vitchy was a little brown old woman, on
whose withered face many a Winter had beaten
its storms, scoring it with a thousand wrinkles,
like the top-knot of some ancient piece of
oaken furniture, but leaving the eyes keen and
glancing, like the stars in a frosty night.

She gazed anxiously at the young girl, who
in the fast-gathering twilight still pursued her
task.

"Rose," said the old woman, tenderly,
"come, put by your work an' take suthin' to
eat—you'll need it, maybe, before the night is
out."

The young girl started at the words, as if
something more than they said was meant;
then, letting fall the heavy meshes in her lap,
she pressed her hands wearily to her forehead
and gazed slowly, with a strained, aching
glance, out through the dim, thick panes of
her window—out over a sea seething and trou-
bled. It clanged against the rocks with wide,
slow-moving waves, resistless and determined;
and from a heart as troubled, a will as daunt-
less, gazed the young girl over its angry depths.

Did Vitchy know—had she guessed the secret
of the coming night? A storm! Oh, God in
mercy, no—then all were lost!

"Come, Rosy, eat suthin', do!" and again
Vitchy added, with that questioning undertone,
"for we may all need it, dearie, before the
night is out."

A pale light, like the contemptuous self-
smiling of a dauntless soul, passed over Rose
Le Febre's face, ere she turned it from the
window, like one who would gather strength
ere she encountered inquisition!

Old Vitchy stirred the fire into a blaze. The
flames danced up the chimney, sending their
brightness over the room, and partially reveal-
ing its inmates, and startling into momentary
relief its strange and incongruous contents—
glancing now into a mirror, whose flower-
knotted frame might have decked a lady's
boudoir, and now flashing into life the grotes-
que, old-fashioned chairs, the high-backed
bureaus and presses, and resting for a moment
on a silver crucifix that hung beneath a picture
of Our Lady on the wall.

Rose lingered at the window, heedless of
the bustle that Vitchy made in laying the little
table for their evening meal.

She was a young girl of some eighteen Sum-
mers, fair and beautiful as the flower whose
name she bore.

It was the close of an Autumn day, and on
land and sea were signs of the coming storm.
Low, dark clouds hung in heavy folds upon
the horizon, and above the sky was of one un-
broken sullen hue; in the air that peculiar
harshness of the sea, and, further out, where
the tide ran full and free, a lurid gleam in their
crests, as the long combs rose and fell, told to
those watchers by the deep a warning which
they knew too well to doubt.

After their meal was ended, Rose returned
to the window. Vitchy established herself in
the chimney-corner, and busied herself in some
household knitting, while her eyes furtively
watched the movements of the girl. She knew
well that Rose was not in a mood to be talked
to, for, since the old woman had first taken her,
a little child, into her arms, Rose Le Febre had
shown a spirit of her own, and a will, despite her
ordinary gentleness, that had more than
once defied dictation.

It was some fifteen years before the com-
mencement of our story that Jules or Jules Le
Febre had made his appearance in the little
out-of-the-way fishing-village where he had
since chosen to reside—that is, whenever he was
at home! for the man made sudden and long
disappearances, and, being of a stern and mo-
rose disposition, had that in his face which for-
bade all curious inquiry.

As might be expected, such unaccountable
and mysterious behavior, baffled as it was by
the harshness of Jules, had its usual result in
turning curiosity into malice; so that Rose,
though as lovely a girl as the neighborhood
could boast, was eyed askance by the young
men of the village, while the maidens of her
own age found an excuse for neglecting their
pretty companion in the evil reputation of her
father; though, if the truth were known, the
secret lay in that calm superiority of mien
which Rose unconsciously betrayed, when acci-
dent brought them into contact, and which was
to them an offensive assumption of claims that
they saw no reason for allowing.

"She is a foreigner," said one; "a Spaniard!
Why should she show off her airs on us? It
isn't to be borne."

"Nay," said another; "she is a Frenchwo-
man. Though her hair is black enough, yet
her skin is white as the salt-flakes on the rocks,
and her eyes as blue as the sea. She's hand-
some—you can't deny it—and yet she's as proud
as a princess!"

And yet Rose was not haughty; but she knew
enough of her own history and that of her fa-
ther, to feel it a perpetual barrier between her
and those whom she would otherwise have
gladly made her companions. Secretly she
longed for it, this companionship, with some
one beside the faithful old woman who kept
watch and ward over her slightest motions, for
she was lonely and sad at heart. Yet there
might have been another reason for the shyness
that she manifested toward her friends. Per-
haps she feared the intention of their visits,
for already the few who had penetrated the se-
clusion of her life had carried away strange
reports of the foreign-looking furniture, and,
more than all, of the silver crucifix and the
picture above it, which had set the village agog,
and even brought about a visit from the parish
clergyman. He, good, honest soul, had often
yearned to speak a word to the lovely girl,
whose modest demeanor had won his respect
as well as her beauty his admiration, but whom
he was fain to regard as one upon the very
verge and threshold of destruction.

But Rose Le Febre was not a girl to sigh for
ghostly confidences, even with a Puritan clergy-
man; and as she had no guide of her own faith
to confess to, she wisely held her peace, and
kept whatever knowledge her life might hold
within the boundaries of her own self-will.

But if Rose was uncommunicative, Vitchy
was even more so, though at heart a genuine
gossip. No one knows what struggles she
went through in passing along those dingy
streets, when her occasional household neces-
sities called her from home, nor to how many
tea-drinkings she had been invited, in order
(as she well knew) that her friendly neighbors
might ferret out from her the secrets of that
strange, forbidden-house. It seemed to the
poor old soul as if she kept a mental padlock
perpetually on her lips; and so, for pure self-
pity and relief, she would often visit on Rose a
shower of unsolicited small-talk, just, as she
said, to keep her tongue from rusting.

But to-night she dared not speak. She be-
lieved that she had heard the sound of voices
in the room beneath the attic, where she slept,
on the night before. For some days previously
she had detected signs of persons having visited
the house, but nothing had come of it, and so
she had not paid it much attention; but now
she was almost sure that Jules Le Febre had
returned, and was lurking in the neighborhood.
Something was going on, but what, she did not
know. She had been used to his sudden re-
turns, and to see him idling about the village
for weeks together, treating the men some-
times, and sometimes not speaking to them,
but always with plenty of foreign money in
his pockets; and then at length as suddenly
disappearing. She had been admitted, too, a
great deal into his confidence, but not enough
for her to know all, or to understand the nature

of the traffic in which he was engaged. Some-
times also, at night, he would come, bringing
with him his lieutenant—a young, handsome
Frenchman—and on such occasions the old
lady was always sent to bed, while the visitors
below talked late into the small hours, though
by daylight they had vanished; and only the
tearful eyes of Rose, and her avoidance of
Vitchy's companionship, betrayed the occur-
rences of the previous evening.

Is it in the air that we feel the warning, or
is it but our own depressed thoughts and ap-
prehensions that sometimes wake us to such
unreasonable anxiety? We cannot say, nor
philosophize on what we have all, some time or
other, felt. But Vitchy was on the alert. All
day long the girl had been restless and uneasy,
starting if spoken to suddenly, and scarcely
seeming to know what answers she returned.
All day long she had sat at the little window,
making a pretence of mending the old net,
which was so seldom used. So Vitchy watched
Rose keenly, and with a growing anxiety and
terror as the time passed slowly by, and the
nine o'clock bell had long sounded the hour
of their usual retirement.

It was true, as Vitchy supposed. For days
Jules Le Febre had been lurking off the shore,
waiting the chance to run his little brigantine
through the narrow gut, and ship her cargo—
the hidden treasures of long years of daring,
hardship, possibly of crime, stored in that
fisher's hovel. Sharp as a needle, drawing scarce
more water than a boat, his *Wilfré* could skim
like a swallow by the rugged cliffs on Ring-
head Point; and sweeping through the chan-
nel, their clear and deep, pass into the still
deeper waters beyond. Several times he had
already been on shore after Vitchy was safe
and sound in bed; but on the night previous—
the one which had aroused the suspicions of
the old woman—he had told Rose that the de-
cisive hour had come; that she might expect
him and an old friend on the midnight of the
following day; to see well that Vitchy was in
bed, and to be in readiness for—she knew
what!

There was no need of further explanation.
There was no need of Rose's looking in her
father's face, or uttering one word of remon-
strance or regret. Perhaps there was none in
her heart. The culmination of a life's watch-
ings was drawing near. Let the bar once be
tided, and the quicksands, the shoals of an un-
endurable past would be for ever behind them,
and the future open, serene, and clear, over
the waters of a tranquil bay. As she listened,
a slight shudder of joy, a thrill of expectation,
not unminged with fear, passed over her fea-
tures; but her eyes shone out clear and strong
—she dared to dare her fate!

And now she sat by the window, watching;
watching as the twilight gathered. The sound
of the village streets had died in the chill,
harsh air; by her window a solitary sumach
haunted its long leaves, crimson with Autumn
change, and she watched them drooping in the
fitful wind—that only, and the sigh of the
moaning sea.

She had not the courage to send Vitchy
away; for she knew it was the last time she
should see that faithful nurse, and her heart
clung to her with a yearning tenderness. Rough
as the old woman was, she was the only mother
Rose had known, and the girl loved her ten-
derly. Still, a stronger love was struggling,
triumphing in her heart. She had understood
her father well in his words of the previous
night. She knew that the friend he would
bring was one long known, long loved, long
cherished in a fondness passionate as she had
deemed it hopeless; but now, by the rarest
combination of fortunate chance, restored to
rank, title, honors, lost in that bloody madness
of the Reign of Terror. Yes! he would come,
and the little abbé waited for them on the
deck of the brigantine, the priest of her faith;
for now the end was gained, the goal of all
their exile and privation reached, and she
should see once more her native France; see
it—a happy bride!

Ten o'clock struck. The moon would rise at
eleven; she knew that; she knew they had
depended on its rising to shoot the narrow
passage that communicated from the open bay
to the land-locked basin before the house.
Once there, they were safe; once there, and
she would be again in her father's—her lover's
arms. And for her they would risk all this!
For her the toil, the hazard, the long result of
years, years of infinite hardship and danger—
she knew not what more—would be imperiled;
and all that she in her native land might enter
once again her rightful rank in life, and be the
happy daughter, the happier wife, of the two
alone whom her passionate heart held dear!

She had asked no questions; she only knew
that misfortune and wrong had driven them
forth into foreign lands, and that a terrible
daring—perhaps a terrible wrong—had given
them at length the means of their return. Im-
patiently she waited. It could not be that
now, on the very brink of fruition, their dearest
hope could be thwarted or delayed. Further
than that she did not dare to think. She
waited for the moon; and a dull red glow
smoldered through the heavy clouds. The bell
struck eleven. Feverishly, with a sudden emo-
tion, she turned to Vitchy, who still watched in
the chimney-corner.

"Vitchy, do go to bed," she moaned, as if
she dared not trust her thoughts to speech;
"do go to bed, Vitchy—but—kiss me before
you go!"

She sprang forward to the old woman and
burst into a bitter passion of sobs. She pressed
her lips to those withered cheeks, that forehead
furrowed with care, those eyes ever watchful,
ever kind, ever seeking to do her bidding.
She could not let her go. Old memories tore
at her heart, and she kissed and fondled her
trembling nurse with passionate tears, cries
and childish names of old endearment; she
meant over her and wrung her hands and
murmured words of incoherent fondness, like
one fever-stricken and unconscious; then sud-

denly fell to kissing and lamenting over her
again, and then, as if mastering herself with a
strong passion, with gentle force she pushed
her toward the stairs of her little chamber and
locked the door.

At length alone, the young girl paced the
room in an agony of grief; but irresolution
was not in her character; setting a lamp in the
window, she threw a mantle about her and
passed forth into the night.

The moon had risen and cast through the
scudding clouds a ghastly light over the seething
waves. As she reached the rocks, the wind
rose in sharp gusts and threw the spray high
into the air, while the maddened water rushed
into the gullies at her feet, rattling the pebbles
and tearing great locks of seaweed back with it
into the abyss.

Rose passed out to the furthest extremity of
the jutting ledge and gazed seaward. No light,
no sign, save the lurid moon and the hurrying
wind. Wet with the leaping spray, a numbness
crept over her limbs and a whirling darkness
seemed to thicken before her eyes. She thought
for a moment that she heard some one calling
her name—Vitchy's voice, she thought, but she
could not tell—then the faintness passed, the
moon broke through a ragged rift of cloud, and
she saw the dark, sharp form of a ship enter
the mouth of the harbor channel.

It was a moment of miserable terror, expecta-
tion, and suspense. The wind was from the east,
fair for entering that intricate gully; but all day
long it had swerved a point or two, north or
south. Let it turn now but a hair's breadth and
Pirate's Rock to the southward would catch and
rasp the strongest keel that floated, or the
ledge to the northward further on dash every
soul on board to an instant death!

It was a terrible moment. To Rose it seemed
hours—nay! years; years that aged her with
a foreboding of intolerable anguish. Slowly
the dark form of the ship moved on; her
slender masts and spars, close-furled, struck
sharply against the sky, half-lighted by the
moon; only the staysail partly reefed gave
headway to the vessel and power to mind the
helm. Steadily blew the east wind strong and
free, and Pirate's Rock is passed—then the
storm-sail slackened, and she heard its flutter-
ing rattle against the mast; a sickening shud-
der paralyzed her limbs; in a moment's breath
of air, on the caprice of a wandering wind,
hung and poised the whole future destiny of
her fate. Ah! why should it be so cruel, so
relentless?

Life had been a burden, an anxious watching
and expectation, an endless endeavor at con-
cealment, with but one hope lighting its mono-
tonous waste and nerving her for the one
supreme moment and trial that now had come!
She thought how many times before, this mid-
night passage had been dared and the little
brigantine passed deftly out over the western
bar before morning light, and no one been the
wiser in the slumbering hamlet below. She
knew that everything now was perfected for
their flight, for their joyful escape from their
by-gone bondage of secrecy and suspense. If
her heart smote her for Vitchy, she knew they
should leave enough wealth behind them to
make the poor old creature comfortable for
life; and wealth brings many friends.

All this she thought as in a dream—as one
abstracted from herself; only she watched with
life concentrated in sight and hearing, the
slowly-advancing ship, the flaring gale!

But again the wind, that had died into an
ominous silence, rose in a long, soft, sighing
wail; and again the sheet, half filled, fell back
with a heavy side-motion, and then, as the ves-
sel lurched and buried her bows in the angry
tide, suddenly, terribly, the heavens seemed
to rend asunder, and the gale came down!

A flash of vivid lightning sprang like a wall of
fire from the southern horizon, the rain hissed on
the water and beat it flat for an instant, and
then the waves reared themselves in huge
leaping masses, that sent the flying foam in her
face and drove her back against the rock.
There was a rush in her ears, as if the tide had
sucked her in, a loud detonation and flash, a
huge dark form set in that frame of electric
fire, for a moment terribly lighted and lifted
up against the sky as the fatal lightning did
its work of wrath; and then an arm seized her
and drew her back; and stunned, fainting,
with dripping garments and dazzled sight, she
felt herself borne rapidly up the rocks and laid
on the little bed in Vitchy's chamber.

The next day there was a wreck on the
beach, that told the hidden tale the villagers
had so long endeavored to find out. But
Vitchy sat alone by the sick girl's bed. Days
and weeks, and then one morning she raised
the little window, and crossed the thin white
hands upon the breast, and called the neighbors
to bear young Rose Le Febre to her rest. In
all that trouble she had sat alone—and now, on
this day of burial and death, the neighbors
kindly helped and asked no questions. But
Vitchy knew that this could not last, and so at
night she drew the coals together for the last
time in the old chimney-place, packed up what
remained of her scanty goods, unmoored the
boat at the foot of the rocks, and in the dark-
ness rowed herself over to the opposite shore.
There, setting her boat adrift, she landed and
disappeared in the woods.

For days the house remained silent. At the
closed windows no Vitchy was to be seen, and
the villagers, prompted—to do them justice—
as much by a sense of duty as curiosity, at
length forced open the door. Nothing was to
be seen of the old woman—nothing in the
house but dismantled walls and scattered fur-
niture. The mirror had been shattered in its
frame; the crucifix was gone, and with it the
canvas of the picture overhead. The mystery
acquired a new and unexpected phase; only in
the cellar a heap of rusty irons and cankered
chains divided the village opinion as to whether
Jules Le Febre was pirate or slave! Discus-
sions ran high upon the point, and parties were
formed that brought on either side a vast
amount of evidence to support their separate

opinions. Some even dug the ground around the cottage for hidden treasure, and were laughed at by the others for their pains.

But time elicited nothing new, and the spot so eagerly thronged by curious feet began to fall into evil repute. The storms of Winter beat upon its roof; the doors swung loose upon their hinges; windows were shattered in that unaccountable manner that happens to all uninhabited houses; shingles fell off, and stones gave way. People passed hurriedly at night, and children scampered by at high noon. Sounds were heard—moans and long, wailing cries—as the wind swept through the open doors and broken casements.

Under breath they told the tale to all newcomers, and gay parties from neighboring towns made picnics there by daylight. But at night no one approached the old forsaken walls, where the spirits of the departed were believed to hold their nightly revels. Strange sights were added to the sounds, as the legend grew; and even poor old Vitchy was said to have been seen, with the mysterious crucifix in her hands, cowering by the fallen hearthstone. And so, to this day, should you visit the place, some trembling old man, leaning on his staff, may point you the ruins and tell you the tale of the HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Yes," said Aunt Hetty, curiously; "he may, but he won't. There ain't no sech old man left, Mr. Smilax!"

THE STATE OF SIEGE IN CUBA.

"We are in a state of siege!" says my friend Don Javier, editor of a Cuban periodical called *El Sufragio Universal*.

"Y bien, amigo mio; how does the situation affect you?"

"Malisimamente!" returns Don Javier, offering me a seat at his editorial table. "The maldito censor," he whispers, "has suppressed four columns of to-day's paper, and there remains little in the way of information besides the feuilleton and some of the advertisements."

The weather is sultry and oppressive. The huge doors and windows of *El Sufragio Universal* office are thrown wide open. Everybody is dressed in a coat of white drill, a pair of white trousers, is without waistcoat, cravat, or shirt-collar, wears a broad-brimmed Panama, and smokes a long damp cigar.

The sub-editor, a lean, coffee-colored person, with ink sleeves, is seated at a separate table, making up columns for to-morrow's "tirada," or impression. Before him is a pile of important news from Puerto Rico and San Domingo, besides a voluminous budget from that indefatigable correspondent, Mr. Archibald Canine, of Jamaica. More than half of this interesting news has been already marked out by the censor's red pencil, and the bewildered sub looks high and low for material wherewith to replenish the censorial gaps. Small, half-naked negroes, begrimed with ink—veritable printer's devils—appear and crave for copy, but in vain.

"Give out the foreign blocks," says the editor, in the tone of a commander.

The foreign blocks are stereotyped columns, supplied by American quacks and other advertisers to every newspaper proprietor throughout the West Indies. On account of their extreme length and picturesque embellishments, these advertisements are used only in cases of emergency.

While the foreign blocks are being dispensed, the "localista," or general reporter, enters in breathless haste. He has brought several fragments of local information. Four runaway negroes have been captured by the police. Two English sailors have died of yellow fever in the Casa de Salud. A coolie has stabbed another coolie at the copper mines, and has escaped justice by leaping into an adjacent pit. A gigantic cayman, or shark, has been caught in the harbor. The localista has also some items of news about the insurrection. The rebels have increased in numbers. They have occupied all the districts which surround our town, destroyed the aqueduct, cut the telegraph wire, and intercepted the land mails to Havana. There is now no communication with the capital, save by sea. Troops have again been dispatched to the interior, but their efforts have proved ineffectual. Upon their appearance, the rebels vanish into the woods and thickets, and there exhaust the patience and the energies of the military.

The sub-editor notes everything down, taking care to eschew that which is likely to prove offensive to the sensitive ears of the authorities. The material is then given out for printing purposes; for his worship the censor will read nothing until it has been previously set up in type. As many hours will elapse before the proof-sheets are returned with censorial corrections, Don Javier proposes a saunter through the town.

The usual military precautions against assault on an unfortified place have been taken. The entrances to the streets have been barricaded with huge hogsheads containing sand and stones; small cannon stand in the plaza and principal thoroughfares. At every corner that we turn, we are accosted by a sentry, who challenges us three times over: "Who goes there?" "Spain." "What kind of people?" "Inoffensive." And so forth. The theatres, the bull-ring, the promenade, are all closed for the season. The masquerade and carnival amusements are at an end. Payments have been suspended, and provisions have become scarce and dear. The people whom we meet have grown low-spirited, and the sunny streets look gloomy and deserted. We glance in at the warehouses and manufactories, and find everybody within attired in military costume; for many of the inhabitants have enrolled themselves as volunteers for the pleasure of wearing a uniform at their own expense, and of sporting a rifle provided by the Government. The names of those who object to play at soldiers have been noted down, and their proceedings are narrowly watched.

A couple of Spanish frigates lie at anchor in the harbor; for our feeble-minded governor threatens to bombard the town if the rebels should effect an entrance and stir up the inhabitants, their countrymen, to revolt. The garrison has been considerably augmented by the arrival of fresh troops from Puerto Rico and Spain, who are quartered indiscriminately in the jail, the hospitals and churches, to expire there, by the score, of yellow fever, vomit-negro, and dysentery. Meanwhile the besiegers make no attempt at assault, but occasionally challenge the troops to sally from their stronghold by firing their sporting-rifles within ear-shot of the town.

One day a great panic is raised, with cries of "Los Insurrectos! Los Insurrectos!" followed by a charge of mounted military through the streets. It is reported that the insurgents are coming; so everybody hastens home, and much slamming of doors and barring of windows is heard. But the alarm proves a false one; and, with the exception of a few arrests made by the police, just to keep up appearances, no further damage results.

To reassure the terror-stricken inhabitants, and to prove to them the gallantry of the Spanish army, our governor determines on making another sally with the troops.

Curious to learn how warfare is carried on in the wilds of a West India country, I enroll myself in a company of volunteers who have obtained permission to follow in the rear of the sallying expedition. My uniform consists of a blue-striped blouse, white drill trousers, and a broad-brimmed Panama, to the band of which is affixed a vermilion cockade embellished with silver lace. The Spanish troops muster some five hundred strong. Their hand-weapons are of the old-fashioned calibre, and they carry small field-guns on the backs of mules. Every man is smoking either a cigarette or a cigar as he tramps along. His uniform is of dark-blue cotton, or other light material suitable to the tropical heat. He carries little else besides his gun, his tobacco, and a tin pot for making coffee; for the country through which he is passing abounds naturally in nearly every kind of provender.

The besiegers have altogether disappeared from the neighboring country, and for the first few miles our march is easy and uninterrupted. But soon the passes grow narrower, until our progress is effected in single file. Occasionally we halt to refresh ourselves, for the weather is intensely hot, and the sun blazes upon our backs. To insure ourselves against brain-fever, we gather a few cool plantain-leaves and place them in layers in the crowns of our Panamas. Our way is incessantly intercepted by fallen trees and brushwood; but we can see nothing of the enemy, and hear little besides the singing of birds and the ripple of hidden water. Many of our party would gladly abandon the quest after human game, and make use of their weapons in a hunt after wild pig or small deer, which animals abound in that part of the country.

Alto! We have waded at last through the intricate forest, and halt in an open plain. It is evening, and as we are weary with our wanderings, we encamp here all night. A moon is shining bright enough for us to read the smallest print; but we are disinclined to be studious, and smoke our cigarettes and sip our hot coffee. Men are dispatched to a neighboring plantation in quest of bananas, pumpkins, Indian corn, sugar-cane, pineapples, pomegranates, coconuts and mangoes, and with this princely fare we take our suppers. Then sleep overtakes us.

Early next morning we are called to arms by the sound of dring, which seems to reach us from a hill in the distance. The noise is as if a thousand sportsmen were out for a battue. Our commander assures us that the enemy is near at hand, and soon crowds of mounted men appear on the hill before us. With the aid of our field-glasses we watch their movements, and can distinguish their dresses of white canvas, their sporting-rifles, and primitive spears. A body of them surrounds a thatched hut, over the roof of which droops a white banner with a strange device, consisting of a silver star on a square of republican red. The enemy appears to be very numerous, and as he marches along the ridge of the hill, his line seems interminable. All our opponents are mounted on horses or mules, with strange saddles and equipments.

Adelante! We advance to meet the foe. Some hours elapse before we can reach the thatched hut, as our course is exceedingly circuitous. We find the hut occupied by a decrepit, half-naked negro, but our birds have flown. The negro, who tells us he is a hermit, and that his name is San Benito, can give us no information as to the whereabouts of the enemy, so we make him a prisoner of war. The opposing forces have left nothing but their patriotic banner behind them. This trophy our commander possesses himself of, and bears off in triumph. Then we scour the country in companies of fifty; but we meet with nothing more formidable than a barricade of felled trees and piled stones. Once we capture a strange weapon, made out of the trunk of a very hard tree, scooped and trimmed into the form of a cannon, and bound with strong iron hoops. Upon another occasion we discharge our rifles into a thicket whence sounds of firing proceed, and we make two more prisoners of war in the shape of two runaway negroes. At length, exhausted by our brilliant campaign, and with more than two-thirds of our army afflicted with fever, we retreat in good order, and return to town. Before we enter, the governor, accompanied by a staff of officers and a band of music, comes out to meet us. A cart, driven by oxen, is procured, and upon it are placed the captured cannon and rebel banner, the former of which is as much as possible concealed by Spanish flags and flowers. A procession is then formed, and in this way we pass through the streets, followed by the military band, which plays a hymn of victory in commemoration of our tri-

umphant return. The houses become suddenly decorated with banners, blankets, and pieces of druggat suspended from the windows, and the inhabitants welcome us with loud cheers and vivas.

Immediately upon quitting the ranks I repair to the office of *El Sufragio Universal*, for the purpose of reporting to Don Javier the result of our expedition. Strange to relate, a gentleman has already perused a glowing account of our glorious campaign in *El Redactor*, the Government organ in Cuba. The editor hands me a copy of that periodical, and there, sure enough, is a thrilling description of what we might have achieved if we had had the good fortune to encounter the enemy in the open field!

But the editor has some strange news for my private ear. He tells me that a filibustering expedition from the United States has landed with arms, ammunition, and a thousand American filibusters, in the Bay of Nipe, not many leagues from our town. With this reinforcement it is confidently expected that the rebels will make an attempt to attack the Spanish troops in their stronghold. Don Javier, who is a Cuban to the bone, is sanguine of his countrymen's success. With a few more such expeditions, he is sure that the colony will soon be rid of its Spanish rulers. Then the editor gives me some extraordinary information about myself. It appears that during my absence, *El Redactor* has made the wonderful discovery that I am one of the agents of an American newspaper, has referred in its leading articles to the "scandalous and untruthful reports" published by its American contemporary, and has insinuated that henceforth the climate of Cuba will be found by many degrees too warm for me. Don Javier is of opinion that my residence in the island will be no longer safe, and he recommends immediate flight. From similar sources I gather certain facts which leave no doubt that I am the object of assassination. I consult my consul upon the subject, and he too advises me to absent myself, at least until affairs are more settled. I adopt his counsel, and embark in the first mail steamer which leaves our port. A host of my Cuban acquaintances accompany me to the vessel. Foremost is my friend the editor of *El Sufragio Universal*, who, after wishing me a hearty "vaya usted con Dios," secretly hands me a bundle of papers, containing, among other matter, the "leavings" of the censor for the past fortnight, for the edification of my friends in New York. So I leave Cuba in a state of siege; in which condition, it may be added, it differs but slightly from Cuba in any other state.

FUNERAL OF WYATT AND PAIGE.

The last mark of respect was paid, July 16th, to the gallant Sergeant Wyatt and Private Paige, of the Ninth, who laid down their lives while upholding the cause of public order.

The steady stream of people which set in toward Calvary Church, where the obsequies were to take place, at an early hour, showed the deep interest felt by the community, and the desire to testify respect for the slain. The disorderly element made no show of their hatred for the troops, beyond assembling in immense crowds near the regimental armory and along the line of march, and scowling at the brilliant pageant; but no acts of violence were attempted.

The march to the church was taken up in the following order: First, the police, composed of ten companies, of forty men each. Next, the four companies of the Seventy-first Regiment, under command of Major Eunson. Next in line, about one hundred veterans, of the Ninth Regiment, with red silk badges and white gloves. After these marched the Jewelers' Association, of which Wyatt was a member, with their white badges, with the sign of an arm. Next, the ten companies of the Ninth Regiment. Next, the detachment of the First Regiment, followed by various militia regiments. The procession moved along Twenty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to Twenty-first Street, and thence to Fourth Avenue, to Calvary Episcopal Church.

The bodies in rosewood caskets had previously been conveyed to the church and deposited in the vestibule, and the flag of the Ninth laid over them. The troops in advance of the Ninth, on arriving, were brought to a front-face, and remained at rest until the men of that regiment had been conducted within the church by companies.

The seats on either side of the centre aisle were reserved for the Ninth, who mustered strong and looked well. The officers had their sword-hilts tied with crape, and the privates all wore the same on their left arm. The draped standards, the gorgeous and various uniforms, glistening epaulettes and rich accoutrements, showing between the beautiful Gothic pillars of the handsome church, formed in the sombre light, tinted with colored rays from the chancel-window, a scene at once most solemn, picturesque, and grand.

At a quarter of three o'clock, the Episcopal funeral service was begun by the Rev. Dr. E. O. Flagg, chaplain of the regiment, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Walker and the Rev. Mr. Lawrence.

At nearly five o'clock the services were brought to a close.

On the way to the Union Depot, the military marched in inverse position, left in front, and presented in spite of the storm a splendid appearance. The sidewalks were lined with spectators, but no attempt was made to interfere with the procession.

At Woodlawn, the procession marched up the main avenue of the beautiful cemetery until they reached a short distance beyond Admiral Farragut's grave. The plot selected by the Ninth is situated on the highest part of the cemetery, and is one of the most desirable in it. After everything had been arranged the coffins were lowered, the chaplain delivered a

short prayer, the firing party discharged three volleys over them, the dirt was thrown in, and the impressive ceremony was at an end.

NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE TURN-VEREIN.

IN Fourth Street, between the Bowery and Second Avenue, two houses have been knocked into one, and their rear has been extended to Third Street. The change has made room for a building fifty feet wide and two hundred feet deep. The edifice, which is to be constructed on the site, is to be the elegant Club-house of the New York Social Turn-Verein, who have sold their old home in Orchard Street for \$56,000, and expect to pay for their new one no less than \$150,000. On Monday, July 17th, the corner-stone of the projected building was laid with due ceremonies.

A procession of the Turners marched from the hall in Orchard Street to that in Fourth Street with a band playing and colors flying. On the arrival of the Turners, the mayor delivered an address on the beauty of a *mens sana in corpore sano*, and then donning a buckskin apron, assisted at the laying of the corner-stone.

The succeeding ceremonies comprised singing by the Turners, music by the band, a speech by Mr. G. Freygang, the President of the Society, in which he showed what had been accomplished, and another, the festival oration, by Mr. Julius Kauffmann. At the close of the ceremonies a trip was taken to Lion Park.

CHIN-MUSIC.

Or making many musical instruments—even as, in good old Solomon's time, of the making of multitudinous papyri—there is no end. Not a year passes in this inventive nation of ours without its brood of improved organs and pianos, reed and string machines, claiming indubitable advantages, and swelling the nomenclature of art with names curious, novel, and often of a quality to tax to the uttermost the vocalization of those disciples of music who will have to pronounce them. Our engraving, however, indicates a sort of return to the primitive elements of sound. The art of "chin-music," as our artist found it practiced by the little black Gavroche of the South, requires no elaborate cultivation, no costly application of stops, pedals or key-boards. Nature herself, in her barest and humblest condition, supplies everything that is necessary.

While passing the markets or other crowded resorts of Jacksonville, in Florida, Mr. Becker was often beguiled to stop and listen to the execution of the professors of "chin-music." These are little half-nude animals of the African race, and their music is of a sort that would be difficult for our less supple jaws to imitate. Doubtless it comes through tradition or inheritance, and has been previously used to enhance the rites and ceremonies of wild barbarians on the Gold Coast.

The small performer, after collecting his audience of gaping idlers, will open his mouth, at the same time causing the air to pass vocally over the chords of the larynx, and by striking the cheek and maxillary joint in a peculiar way, will emit a sound half-explosive and half-resonant. The note given by this natural drum is compared, for quality, to the cracking of a filbert under a hammer. At the same time it partakes of a vocal character, and has a perfect gamut of expression, so that a skilled professor can play with ease the popular and patriotic airs of the day. Nothing can be more naïf than this music of the cheeks, which is as dry and crepitant in quality as the not dissimilarly made cry of the locust or the katy-did. Sometimes two or more performers will travel as a chorus, outraging silence with their rolling fusillade of sputtering sound, in which the ear is half-surprised to catch the likeness of some homely and well-known tune. The young musician generally adds to his choir the "pat-foot" of the plantations, which comes down at every note in the dull stroke of the naked sole, as true to time as the *baton* of Strauss or Paderloup. The simplicity and energy of this unsophisticated orchestra are sure to win the good-will of the audience; and the musicians may rely upon taking up a collection sufficient to enable them to retire from the market with their black heads buried, according to their favorite sybaritism, in the juicy depths of a huge watermelon.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON opened at Niblo's, July 17th, in "Across the Continent."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA sails from Liverpool in the steamship *Scotia*, on Saturday, July 29th, for this city.

On Wednesday, the 19th, the Fifth Avenue Theatre barred its doors, at the close of a benefit to Mr. Appleton, the treasurer. The bill had not been changed since Mr. Davidge's benefit.

The stately ice-maiden, the unapproachable divinity, the superb Nilsson, is called "Tine" by her intimates. "Tine" Nilsson—think of it! Her old enemy, the heavy contralto, Mme. X—, says it is her voice that is tiny.

MARIO, the great tenor, sang his last note in public at Covent Garden, London, July 19th, and has retired to private life. He was called before the curtain eleven times, and on each occasion he was showered with floral gifts. He is sixty-one years of age.

THE twenty-sixth annual festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund was to come off in London on the 10th. Since the creation of the fund in 1839, three hundred and seventy-three actors and actresses have become members, and pensions varying from \$30 to \$86 have since been paid to those incapacitated from following their profession.

THE following artists have been engaged by Miss Lydia Thompson to support her, and will make their debut August 7th, at Wallack's: Miss Hetty Tracey, soprano; Miss Guibina, contralto vocalist; Miss Camille Dubois, prima donna; Miss Bellew, Miss Egerton, Miss Lotta Mira, burlesque; Harry Beckett, Edwin and W. H. Montgomery, comedians; Michael Connolly, musical director; Mr. Alexander Henderson, husband of the fair Lydia, business manager; and Samuel Colville, managing agent.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MAYOR LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW TURNERS' HALL, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS, EAST OF THE BOWERY, JULY 17TH.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNAL BUREAU.

By T. B. THORPE.

THE ability to prognosticate the "coming weather" has been reduced almost to a science, and though the result is wonderful, yet the means used are exceedingly simple. The earth is surrounded by an atmosphere sensitive to every change from sunshine to storm, and upon these variations, as indicated by delicate instruments and guided by experience, rests the entire system of "weather forecasts."

The pursuit is comparatively a new one, but the results obtained have been reached by slowly developed but marked steps toward its present comparative perfection. Admiral Fitzroy, of the British Navy, some twenty years ago, as the fruits of his own observations, laid it down as a proposition, "That great and important changes of weather and wind were preceded as well as accompanied by notable alterations of the state of the atmosphere; that approaching storms were indicated by the falling of the barometer one inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. The fall of the tenth of an inch an hour, of the barometer, indicated a storm or heavy rain, and the more rapidly these changes occurred, the more probability of dangerous atmospheric commotions, displaying themselves in the indicated phenomena of storms, hurricanes and whirlwinds." To make this local information of general value, there was needed the information of instantaneous reports over a large tract of country, and this want was supplied by the wonderful triumphs of the telegraph.

In 1853 a conference was held in Brussels, at which was organized an international

system of meteorological observations. The idea, we are proud to say, was due to the eminent services in kind which the United States had already performed for meteorological science. Next followed simultaneous observations at various points of the British Islands, and at stations on the European continental coast. By comparing the results, it was satisfactorily demonstrated that storms, however terrible or eccentric they might be, were under the control of certain fixed laws, and therefore could be analyzed and prognosticated.

In recording the progress toward the present advanced position of the Signal Bureau Service, it must be noticed that, before any extended system existed in the United States, Admiral Fitzroy had erected along the coast of England storm-signals, which proved to be of

great advantage to commerce. From the peculiar geographical position of the British Islands, there was no way to get observations of storms coming from the west, until they struck the coast; but this misfortune was remedied, in a degree at least, by a careful study of the variations of the barometer; hence storm-signals on the English coast became of more than ordinary importance.

Whatever England or the European States had accomplished was limited, from the very necessity of their contracted fields of observation. It was, there ore, the privilege of the United States to inaugurate a grand and comprehensive system of labor, the field of which extended over a vast continent, including every variety of climate, and of plain and mountain surface. Before this was done, Italy had published

for many years a weather bulletin. In Germany telegraph operators were employed to make weather reports, but the information gained was confined to the Central Government at Berlin. Russia had also a system, the results of which are buried up in imperial archives. As a rule, the mass of the people were not considered. In the United States the field was not only of the greatest extent, but the liberality of the Government was equally magnificent; for our Signal Service, from the beginning, provided for the daily and universal dissemination of information, and afforded, and still affords, the same facility to the inmates of the remotest hamlets, North, South, East and West, as it does to the people of our great cities, or the heads of Government at the national capital. Since the year 1816, the Surgeon-General's department of the Government had made meteorological observations at all the military posts, which observations were kept exclusively for sanitary purposes. Gradually, and after a half century, an immense amount of valuable material was collected, which was unexpectedly found to have a more comprehensive usefulness than was originally contemplated, markedly in the important matter of the climatology of the country. The Engineer Corps of the U. S. Army for the last twenty years had been making observations, in a much more perfect manner, over a limited part of the country, the material of which was used by the engineers in obtaining the level of the great lakes, rivers, and altitudes of mountains.

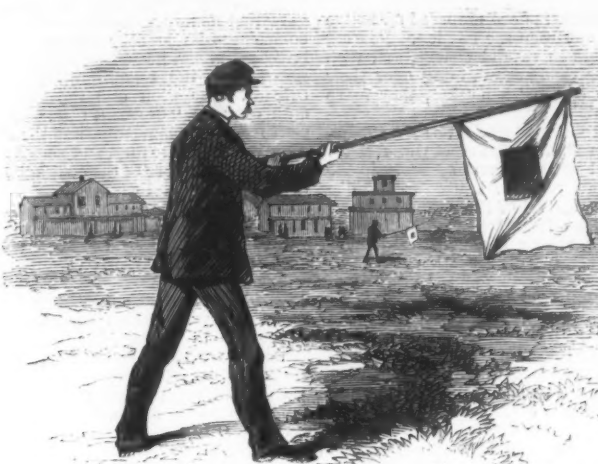
From these two sources a mass of valuable information accumulated; and the monthly reports of the Engineer Corps suggested something better than the annual publication of the Surgeon-General; and what had been looked upon as paper spoiled for a "printing job," and supposed to be worthless, suddenly be-



GEMS OF AMERICAN SCENERY.—VIEW OF MOUNT LINCOLN, COLORADO TERRITORY.—SEE PAGE 350.



THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—"FORT WHIPPLE," ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.



SIGNAL PRACTICE AT FORT WHIPPLE.

came of the greatest value to the nation. With European precedence, and the material we have alluded to, was established the American Signal Service. From its inception it was fortunately a military organization; and for its present form of existence we are indebted to the following Resolution of Congress, approved February 9th, 1870, viz.:

"That the Secretary of War be, and he hereby is, authorized and required to provide for taking meteorological observations at the military stations in the interior of the continent and other points of the States and Territories of the United States, and giving notice on the northern lakes and on the sea-coast, by magnetic telegraph or marine signals, of the approach and force of storms."

In accordance with this resolution, the Hon. Wm. W. Belknap, present Secretary of War, entered upon the efficient organization of the corps, and gave it his intelligent co-operation and sympathy. Brigadier-General Albert J. Meyer, an officer of great scientific accomplishments, was made chief signal officer of the army, assisted by a number of highly-educated and thoroughly devoted army officers, prominent among which are Colonel Mallory, Captain H. W. Howgate and Lieutenant A. Capron, and a corps of some seventy Observer Sergeants.

The organization of the Bureau completed, advertisements were inserted in the newspapers for candidates for admission into the service; and as there seemed to be an opening presented for honorable employment to men of education from every class of society—school-masters, clergymen, unsuccessful merchants and lawyers—numerous enterprising young men presented themselves at Washington as candidates for membership. To the horror of many, they found that the road to preferment was neither short nor free from rough places. At the very outset they were subjected to an examination, to see if they had the advantages of a good school education, and the possession of physical health sufficient to endure army life.

The officers of the Bureau were found to be military men, educated at West Point, and trained to be very curt and very exacting. Passing successfully the preliminary examination, the candidates were next astonished at being sent to "Fort Whipple," a large wooden building on Arlington Heights, where they were to be instructed in their duties, and to which place they were conveyed from Washington, in a vehicle that, in design and general appearance, seemed to be a cross between the "Black Maria" of our police courts and a second-hand hearse. Once arrived at the "fort," the aspiring candidates were introduced into a

rough barracks, and subjected to a soldier's routine and a soldier's fare. Together with a plain, substantial diet, they were further astonished at being obliged to adopt the uniform of Uncle Sam's private soldiers, made, however,

the camp of instruction the "observer" is taught the elements of meteorology, and the practical use of the instruments used by the Signal Corps, which include: the barometer, for ascertaining the pressure of the air; the

the great variety of blanks used in the official reports of the Bureau, the candidate was tolerably well prepared to take the field, with one fact, above all others, especially impressed upon his mind, which is, that the service was

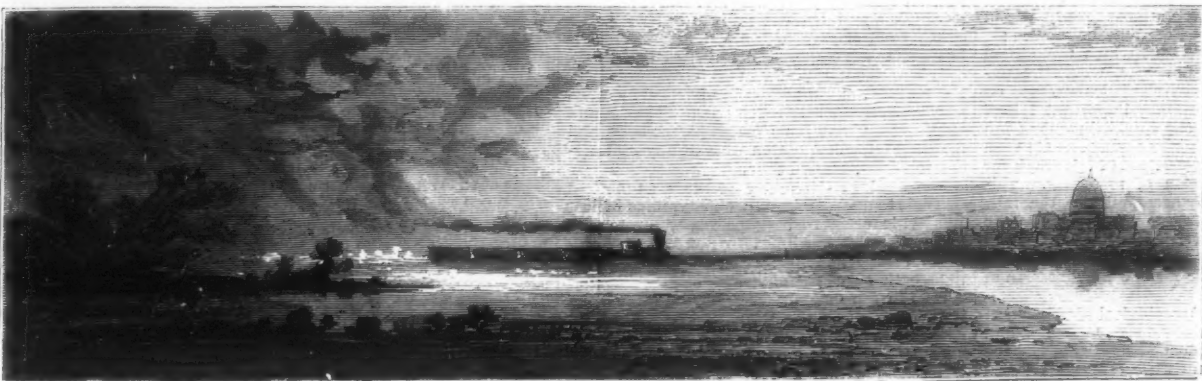
evidently so exacting that a military organization was necessary to insure discipline; the ordinary civilian could not be depended upon.

All this was no "child's play," especially to men and minds which had never had the training so essentially necessary for scientific pursuits. But, in addition to all we have mentioned, came the drills in telegraphic signals and in the manual exercise. As the candidates are not selected for practical service in the field of war, though under soldier's bonds, their diverse appearance in military

parades was often exceedingly comical; for, by some unexplained reason, the tall man invariably stood beside the short man, and the shorter man beside a prospective member of the Fat Man's Association.

After the allotted time of preliminary scholarship, comes the final examination, at which the candidate must be at least passable in the manual exercise, and quite perfect in the use of the meteorological instruments and telegraphic signals. Having been accepted, which now means that he is a regularly enlisted man for five years in the United States Army, he is prepared for orders, and may be sent to any given point over the vast area of our country; whether on the Rocky Mountains, or in the tropical heats of Florida, or the boreal regions of Maine, the entire field of work is before him.

Preliminarily to setting out on his mission of usefulness, he is furnished with official letters, introducing him to the President of the Board of Trade of every city he may visit, and to the officers of all scientific societies established where he may be stationed, and is thus opened to the best possible associations, and acquiring social and scientific accomplishments that will make him a useful and self-sustaining member of society. The "signal observer" who leaves the employment with honorable dismissal, after the required five years of service, will have the Government endorsement of being a "practical operator," and possessed of experience and self-discipline, that will open a hundred paths to paying industry. As might be expected, there are individual members of the Corps of Observer Sergeants who are already attracting attention by their natural aptness to perform the duties of the new and interesting department of scientific, practical enterprise connected with the never-ending and always increasing interests of meteorological and telegraphic pursuits. Our opinion is, that the time is not far distant when a membership of the Signal Bureau Corps will



RACE BETWEEN A STORM AND A LOCOMOTIVE—THE ELEMENTS BEATEN HOLLOW.

somewhat bearable by the ornamentation of the chevrons, elevating them to the dignity of sergeants or non-commissioned officers. Now commenced the soldier's discipline—study hours, meals to the moment, "no spitting in

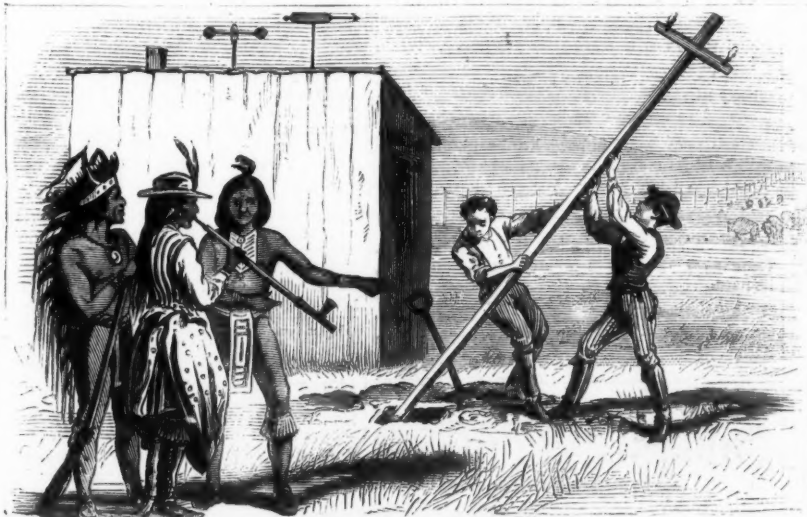
thermometer, for measuring the state of the atmosphere; the hydrometer, for ascertaining the moisture of the air; the anemometer, for noting the strength of the wind; the wind-vane and the rain-gauge.



THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—INEQUALITIES OF DRILL AT FORT WHIPPLE.

the quarters," no smoking on duty, military drills, bed, and lights out at 9 o'clock P.M.—terrible exactions upon men many of whom had spent half a life without feeling the necessity or advantage of regular habits, but admirable, indeed, if patiently borne to the end. In

Having been sufficiently instructed in the management and uses of the delicate instruments we have named, and made thoroughly acquainted with the technicalities and abbreviations used in reading their daily observations, and with the proper manner of "filling up"



THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—INTRODUCTION OF SCIENCE TO THE FAR WEST.



MOUNT WASHINGTON STORM SIGNALS.—USE OF THE ANEMOMETER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

be justly held in higher estimation by many worldly-wise people than admission to West Point.

Our signal observers once prepared for active work, are sent out upon the mission. Bearing their instruments in careful charge, and with their barometer safely cased, hung over their back after the style of a musket, they leave possibly to establish a new station at some distant point just connected by the telegraph-wire. On the "frontiers" they often meet with strange adventures and witness novel scenes. In the wilds that lie between St. Louis and the distant Pacific, the arrival of the signal observer so soon after the telegraph operator causes new excitement among the "gentle inhabitants." The erection of the "shanty," surmounted by the wind-vane, and the display of the various delicate instruments, suggest witchcraft and necromancy. On one occasion, a signal-sergeant had for his audience immediately around him a number of professional hunters and trappers of the leather-stocking school. They were as stolid as the Indians; and though evidently curious, disdained to ask questions or to appear ignorant. In the rear of the whites were some Indians, or, rather, what appeared to be a group of splendidly-formed men fantastically dressed, cut from red sandstone; while still beyond were a number of buffalo bulls, who seemed to be protesting against such repeated invasion of their domain by pawing the soft prairie into riffs, and sending the torn turf as offensive missiles into the air.

The distinction between a signal station and a telegraph station is: the former is devoted to the distinct purpose of observing the various phases of the atmosphere indicated under the general head of weather reports; a telegraphic station, without which the Signal Bureau, for popular purposes, would be unknown, is a place where messages are sent on the wires. One of the many important things to be arranged upon the establishment of the Signal Bureau was to make arrangements with the controllers of the vast lines of telegraph for the regular transmission of messages. This great work was finally accomplished, the telegraph companies coming to the support of the Government with patriotic devotion, and the signal bureaus and the telegraph, sister enterprises, joined together for the amelioration of the people.

To gather the meteorological information which now appears daily in our papers, and from which the experienced gentlemen of the Signal Bureau make up their "forecasts" and "probabilities" of the weather, the continent is literally dotted over with signal-stations, extending along the Atlantic coast from Portland to Key West and across from New York to San Francisco, commanding the facilities of a wire running in almost a direct line of 3,500 miles. Another telegraph-line from Duluth to New Orleans, of 2,500 miles in length, and another still, of approaching extent, from St. Paul down the Mississippi Valley to the very mouth of the "father of waters." Along the Atlantic coast the stations are complete. From these stations reports at stated times through the telegraph are made at least three times a day, giving the results of the observations by Washington time.

While the observer at the national capital is taking his observations, say at 7:35 A. M., the observers along the different lines of the continent are making and recording their observations, and the standard time of 7:35 A. M. at Washington, to the observer at San Francisco at the same moment, is 4:30 P. M. If the season is winter, the Washington observer could be at work at the break of day, and the San Francisco observer, at the same instant, in the twilight of sundown.

To illustrate the method of proceeding by an example: The signal officer at San Francisco reports direct to Chicago, 2,700 miles, the longest suspended line circuit in the world. It is demanded that the officer should not only know what the weather is in San Francisco, but all along the line. San Francisco, at 8:02 A. M., sends a report to Chicago through 1,200 miles to Corinne in Utah; 500 miles to Cheyenne, Wyoming; 500 miles to Omaha, Nebraska, and then to Chicago 500 miles. A storm is raging at the instant at San Francisco with N.E. wind; when the report reaches Corinne the weather is clear; crossing the Rocky Mountains to Cheyenne, there prevails a heavy N.W. wind; at Omaha the barometer indicates storm; at Chicago the weather is clear. Here we have an indication of the weather along the line of twenty-seven hundred miles, which signal reports, by understood telegraph abbreviations, designate as follows:

"A storm is raging at San Francisco with a N.E. wind; clear at Corinne; storm, with a N.W. wind, at Cheyenne; threatening at Omaha; clear at Chicago."

Upon this report, the following correct analysis was made for the following day: "Clear at San Francisco, the N.E. wind blowing the storm to sea. The N.W. wind coming from the mountains would cause the stormy weather to be threatening toward the Atlantic coast. Omaha the storm finally reached." Its arrival at Chicago was anticipated a whole day by the people talking about it in the street with the same gravity they would the expected coming of an advertised special railway train.

The immense area of the United States, with its interminable lines of telegraph, provides a field for meteorological observations that is wonderful to contemplate. As we have already noted, a storm approaching the Atlantic coast is announced two days in advance of its reaching a given point. One signal observer gathers up the first threatening disturbances of the elements as they fret at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and traces them along (for the storm makes slow time compared with the electric telegraph) until the fully-developed storm reaches our New England coast.

Or, a cheery but unusual wind is felt in the Mexican Gulf, at Key West, or Galveston; the

barometer falls suddenly; the indications are that serious disturbances are taking place somewhere in the atmosphere. Presently the storm, gathering its forces in our semi-tropical regions, commences its journey toward the North. It is traced along, gathering intensity in its progress, until the telegraph reports it at New Orleans. The wind and the rain follow, and dash over the "Crescent City." The steamers start from their moorings, and the deep, muddy river is lashed into fury, and seems molten copper under the glare of the continuous lightning; the sugar-cane and cotton-fields are desolated; when suddenly the storm, now fairly launched, turns into the great highway of the Mississippi Valley, rushes along twelve hundred miles, until it reaches St. Louis, deluging that city in rain, and possibly wrecking some of its more delicate steam craft; then, as if bent on more mischief, it will strike off toward Chicago and the great lakes, moving westwardly, then northwardly, then eastwardly, until, striking the Atlantic, off the coast of Newfoundland, the discontented, ruin-scattering child of the tropics is finally lost in the intense cold of the northern latitudes.

And the history of the four days' progress of this storm—days consumed by its journey through the heart of our continent—is not only given, but the arrival of the storm at every important place is anticipated, and its conduct along the route is kept with unflinching precision and the most scientific care.

Twenty-five miles an hour is shown, by signal service observation, to be the average velocity of a storm; when it has twice that velocity, it becomes a tornado. Now, a storm proper, starting from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and traveling toward the Atlantic coast, even if severe in its demonstration, is beaten all the way by the railway train, which averages more rapidly in its movements than the ordinary storm; while the telegraphic message, no matter how much headway storm and railway cars may have made, passes both, and arrives at its destination without any real perception of consumed time.

The wind in the upper currents, as marked by the Mount Washington observations of last Winter, is often rushing past at the rate of a hundred miles per hour. When it was of this great velocity, at Portland, sixty miles away, the weather was perfectly calm.

On the 5th of March, 1871, Mount Washington observation, the wind was blowing fifty miles an hour; at Portland, two miles. Balloons sometimes reach altitudes where the wind is blowing a hundred miles an hour. These winds in the high air are almost exclusively from a southerly direction—many from the equator toward the poles. But this rule is not imperative, for the surface of the earth, by its heat and cold, affects the direction of high winds. Phenomenal winds are cyclones, one of the severest of which known in history a few years ago swept over some portions of English India.

MOUNT LINCOLN, COLORADO.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE best known mountains in Colorado are Pike's Peak and Long's Peak, the former being the most famous, for the reason that it long gave name to the Gold Region to which so many people emigrated from all parts of the United States. Up to the time of the gold excitement, the mountains had not been thoroughly explored, and many of the most picturesque elevations had not been honored with distinctive titles. In the past few years the work of survey has been carried on, names have been given to the mountains, roads have been opened and hotels established, so that now a person may travel among the Rocky Mountains with about the same comfort and previous knowledge of his route as among the Alps or the White Mountains. Of the newer mountains, Gray's Peak and Mount Lincoln are among the most noted, and receive a great many visitors every Summer. The scenery around Mount Lincoln is grand and picturesque, and the view from its summit, though of a different sort, is quite as interesting as that from Pike's Peak. The time is rapidly approaching when the tour to the Rocky Mountains will be as fashionable as that to Niagara or Newport, and when the Yo-Semite Valley will be famous as the Alps. Already a large number of tourists go in that direction, and many of them return far more robust than when they set out. The pure breezes of the Plains and mountains are full of health-giving power, and the sooner this fact is universally known, the better it will be for the whole race of travelers in America.

RARE SPORT IN INDIA.

AN India correspondent thus describes Lord Mayo's recent hunting expedition:

"A more picturesque sight could not be conceived than was afforded by the long lines of elephants advancing from all sides, throwing out skirmishers and flankers, now stopping to form line, now being driven back in parts by some fierce rush of the forest kings, a rolling fire ever bursting out from some position or other of the storming party; the ivy-green grass, nine feet high, furrowed every second by the wild rush of tigers seeking to escape—all this in a deep forest-glade, once the course of an ancient mighty river, with rounded pebbles scattered beneath in the grass, the setting sun tingling all with brilliant colors, and the mighty Himalayas, rosy-red, grandly looming over the trees upon the tumult and slaughter beneath!"

New York theatrical news is of the most sensational character. At five of the Broadway theatres now open, the sensational drama reigned last week, from the lugubrious "Misérables" to the volatile "Schneider," and each of these places of amusement is doing a profitable business. The author of "Fritz" has already cleared \$150,000 by his work.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE convict's cart de visite—The prison-van.

Good little buoys—Corks.

Food for bummers—Sponge cakes and loaf sugar.

DECORATION for casuals—The Order of the Bath.

BELGIUM to the author of *Les Misérables*—"Victor—you go."

"ENTERING the social circle"—Making the first cut into a round of beef.

A PROVIDENT institution—An unopenable purse.

No wonder the Commune failed! It was literally impossible for the members to assemble without making *foutes* of themselves.

"JOHN ROGERS' nine children and one at the breast."

Were but nine, as I make it," said Harry.

"There were ten, as I figure it up," said the Guest.

"Or there would not have been one to carry!"

CANNIBALISM IN BOSTON.—It is our melancholy duty to announce that a gentleman well-known in literary circles and the neighborhood of Boston, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a devoted friend, and an ex-churchwarden, one at whom the finger of suspicion has never been pointed, and on whose character the breath of calumny has never yet alighted, was the other day found devouring a favorite author.

Any lady who speaks slightly of ministers of religion is not a lady. We were much displeased with Miss Shallow (the Justice's daughter) the other evening. Referring to the Puritan decision, which pronounces the white dress to be the only legitimate garb of the clergy, the misguided young person said that she should henceforth always call the parsons the surplice population.

THE "Lunch Fiend," the individual who travels from saloon to saloon at lunch hours, inflicts his company upon other persons, and leaves no funds behind the bar, is thus pictured: "He indulges in rapid conversation, meanwhile doing full justice to the lunch, ejecting his sentences while busily engaged in injecting the food, all the time suspiciously, yet graciously, eyeing the bartender, who is anxiously awaiting his order for drinks. After eating as much as policy will allow, the 'fiend' wipes his mouth, draws out a tooth-pick, and, if there is no person present whom he can bore with conversation previous to making the unnoticed exit, he suddenly becomes vastly interested in the pictures or handbills on the walls. These he studies until an opportunity presents itself, whereby the bartender's attention being attracted, the 'fiend' escapes, and makes his way hastily to another saloon, where the same performance is gone through with."

PECULIAR PEOPLE.—The extravagant man hired a cab to look out for an omnibus.

The man of gallantry escorted his mother-in-law underneath the mistletoe, although he knew beforehand that she had been taking snuff.

The sanguine man expected to find a policeman when he wanted one.

The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver, that a long circuit was needful, because the streets were being paved.

The lazy man allowed his fire to go out, rather than ring the bell to bring somebody to poke it.

The cheerful man enjoyed the half hour that he spent in waiting for his dentist.

The punctual man served out the soup for his eleven expected guests, when only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it.

The hasty man sat down to read "Paradise Lost," and afterward was heard to boast that he got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab-driver a ten-dollar bill for a one, and twice cherished the delusion that it would be returned to him.

The man of fortitude was brave enough to open his front door himself, when he saw the tax-gatherer, the gas-man, and the rate-collector knock at it.

The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper-room, and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there.

The modest man was tempted to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and, to avoid his chaffing friends, was caught next day in the act of emigration.

Freckles, Tan and Pimples are disagreeable, if not disgusting. Hagan's Magnolia Balm subdues these blemishes and gives the complexion a transparent and marble purity. Lyon's Celebrated Kathalron is the best hair-dressing and preserver in the world. It destroys dandruff and prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray.

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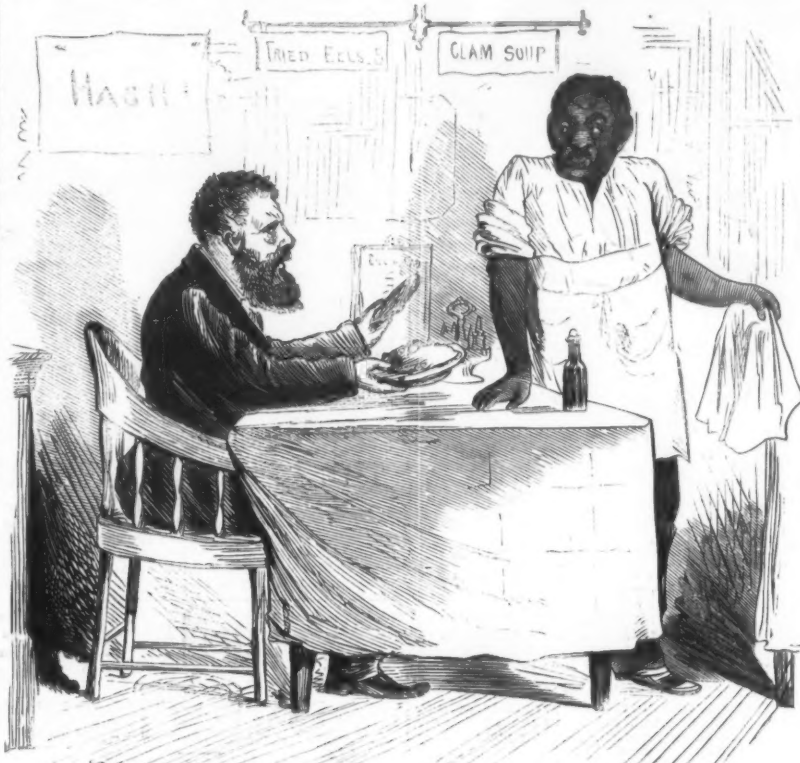
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JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS
FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(continued).

"I am sorry—Dustin—Durdles—whatever you choose to call yourself, now. I wish that I had never done what was so wrong to her and so sad to you. I did know that you were telling the truth, the other day; though I did not know you then. And I have come down to do what I can for—for my poor little wretch of a son. There: what can I do more? And will not this satisfy you, without saying more rough words to me or of me?"

Undoubtedly, Luke Honeythunder has not spoken so candidly or feelingly half a score of times during all his career of philanthropic charity. The candour and true feeling even affect Durdles, who dashes his rough left hand across his eyes, throws down the mallet still remaining in his right, draws on the clumsy coat with its big horn buttons, and assumes his dinner-bundle, all without one word of reply. Then he throws an old potato-sack over the unnoticed bust, and says, with all the sneer gone out of his harsh voice, though the gruffness can no more be extracted than the squeak from saw-filing:—

"Yes, that'll do for Durdles, and it'll do for him: leastwise it will do better nor nothing. I have n't seen the young brat for the last two hours, but I seed him then, going up towards the Weir, and I think that we can find him. Come along, if you mean what you say."

"Stop—Dustin—Durdles! one word! You will not destroy my usefulness by telling others—"

"What are you afraid on, Luke Honeythunder?" the stone-mason interrupts. "Of Durdles telling on you? No!—not if you take keener of her boy. But don't you talk no more about that, for I don't like it; and it isn't no use, is it? Come along!"

too well explain what might also only be guessed.

There is only one to explain, in words—poor Little Crawsha, who answers the eager horrified inquiries of the Manager and Durdles, between his sobs and ineffectual attempts at wringing a single hand.

It would seem that Deputy had on more than one occasion stoned Black Tomboy, at safe distance, awaking unpleasant suggestions in the canine mind, if producing no worse effect. Returning down the bank, that day, only a few minutes earlier, from a predatory excursion among the fishing-boats, the expert had hurled a few stones through a net hanging to dry on the reel, been mildly remonstrated with by Little Crawsha, flung at the latter a few epithets (sharper and more cruel than any stone in his loaded pockets) touching the shame of poor Exty, and ended (more than he knew) by knocking down and beating the poor helpless cripple.

Beyond that, even Little Crawsha himself knows very little, and is too horrified to be very explicit. He only realizes that Black Tomboy, who had been lying under his bench, and must have seen the assault at some distance, came flying upon Deputy, bearing him to the ground before he could himself rise from it; and that then a terrible clench and fight took place between Deputy and the dog, with the former kicking, striking and yelling, and no words of his availing to call him off—until the cries of the two brought his father and two others of the fishermen, and the dog was torn by main force from his prey. He attempts to add, but thinks better of it, and resolves to tell only Mr. Datchery—that the scarf around Deputy's neck is the same, he thinks, which came into the hands of Mr. Jasper only a few days before—at a time of which only themselves and Black Tomboy know. When he does so, the man of the white hair will probably speculate a little, whether Jasper, haunted by the re-possession, gave it away to Deputy, as a means of ridding himself of it most effectually; or whether Deputy had simply stolen it, as a professional duty; and whether its presence around the neck of the drowned boy was not the principal cause of the fearful laceration,

Statement procured by Mr. Datchery, with reference to possible future use in furthering the interests of justice, by detecting the real perpetrator of the alleged crime (be the same more or less), and removing from certain person or persons improperly charged with the same, a suspicion against them which may otherwise work seriously to their disadvantage. Any concealments, of names or otherwise, made herein by Mr. Datchery, to be duly and in full explained by him, with explicit declaration of all motives which may seem ambiguous in this proceeding or others connected with the affair—whenever he may be called upon by properly constituted authority, or have the opportunity afforded him (the affair having then progressed so far as to make such explanations proper) of entering into such statement on his own account and behalf.

Statement of Mr. Durdles not made under oath, for want of opportunity on the part of the examiner to procure the administration of such oath, without placing knowledge of circumstances necessary to be kept as yet entirely secret, in the possession of officials liable to display want of reticence, from ignorance of the important interests involved.

Original intention on the part of Mr. Datchery to procure the drawing up of statement under Mr. Durdles' own hand and in the original language of that person; but serious difficulties rendering that course impossible; and this explanation made, in order, in the event of the death of Mr. Durdles or Mr. Datchery, or both, before the production and use of the statement, to make the two reasons fully apparent for failing to secure, in the manner suggested, the best written evidence.

Difficulty first: Strange perversions of language on the part of Mr. Durdles in conversation—doubtless owing to many years of objectionable association, a certain degree of intemperance, and original deficiency in education—rendering any statement embodying all his own words comparatively unintelligible and in many respects improper for public use. Difficulty second: Almost total loss by Mr. Durdles, through intemperance before mentioned, careless exposures of the body, benumbing influences of his coarse

Durdles—Sam Durdles, if any one likes it better. To the second, that his age is his own business, and he does not mean to tell it to any one. He may be forty and he may be sixty—old enough, any way, not to make so great a fool of himself as he has been in the habit of doing, and not to be so poor as he is. To the third, that he was born in the north, not far from Scotland—that is enough—he does not choose to put any person on the track of where he was or what he did, before he came to Cloisterham. There are one or two who know already, enough, if not too much. [NOTE: From certain internal evidence in his conversation, there is reason to believe that he was born in Northumberland; may possibly have been Cumberland, however.] To the fourth, that he does not see the use of that, either: every fool in Cloisterham knows where he lives—in a dog-hole close by the city wall. To the fifth, that here again time is being wasted, as every one knows that too. But if he must tell what everybody knows, he must. His business is getting out and setting up monuments and grave-stones, taking care of the stone-work of the Cathedral, and digging out the Old 'Uns that have been so long stowed away that no one remembers anything about 'em—in the walls, under the pavement and everywhere; the old shop [NOTE: His phrase, referring to the Cathedral, preserved on account of oddity—not to say originality] being about rotten with 'em.

Questioned as to his being married, a bachelor, or a widower.

Replies—that it seems nothing can be left alone, in the life of a poor fellow! Who wants to know that about Durdles, and why? What is it to them? But there is one at Cloisterham as knows it already: the best and the worst of it. That one is Mr. Crisparkle. [NOTE: Mr. Crisparkle is a very estimable gentleman and clergyman; one of the Canons of Cloisterham Cathedral, and highly respected in all the relations of life. Was also active in the investigations following the disappearance of the young man Drood.] He is not married; never was; never intends to be. Has been engaged, once, and had enough of that! That was many years ago. A palm-singin' chap ran off with his girl and broke her heart. Is not that enough? What more does anybody want to know?

Questioned as to his acquaintance with the young man Drood, disappeared.

Replies that he had no acquaintance with him before the 24th December, 18—, except that he occasionally saw him coming to Cloisterham during the previous year, on visits to Mr. John Jasper, at the Gate House; and sometimes saw him walking out from what they called the "Nun's House," sort of female school, on the High Street, where they always kept a lot of girls—confound 'em—high as bad as them brats of boys, guying any one as was old, or poor, or did not please their dainty eyes. Where was he? Oh. He had seen Master Drood walking out from the Nun's House, with a very pretty little thing, that seemed a mere child, and giggled a great deal, but didn't say anybody. Name was Miss Rosa Bud, as he understood; and also understood that they were somehow engaged to be married. Some nonsense of their fathers, he believes. Married! They were about as fit to be married as two small kittens to keep a public. [NOTE: Mr. Durdles disposed to wander somewhat seriously, here, but recalled.]

Questioned as to his knowledge of Mr. John Jasper, and the length of time during which that knowledge has continued.

Replies—to the first, that he may have known Mr. Jasper [NOTE: He pronounces the name as if spelled "Jasper"—which may or may not be of consequence in some possible future question of identification] a matter of five or six years, since Mr. Jasper first came to Cloisterham and went to singing in the Cathedral.

Questioned as to any knowledge of Mr. Jasper's life, habits and practices.

Positively declines to answer. [NOTE: With signs of ill-temper at the question, and possibly of some fear with reference to the person inquired of.] What does he know about Mr. Jasper, his life, or his habits? Mr. Jasper sings in the Cathedral: he does not—he digs. What is the use of getting a poor fellow into scrapes by asking him questions that would do no good to answer? Why not ask Mr. Jasper himself about anything they want to know? There are some things, he supposes, that he must tell, and he will tell them, and not a word more, if he dies for it. Suppose that Durdles may have a secret or so: isn't it his own, just as much as if it belonged to the Dean? and hasn't he a right to keep his own?

Questioned as to alleged relationship between the disappeared person, Edwin Drood, and Mr. Jasper. As to the latter being the uncle of the former, as alleged.

Replies—how should he know? Has heard it said so; and it may be true or may not be? He wasn't present when young Drood came into the world—was he? and if not, how should he know whether Mr. Jasper's sister was his mother?

If anybody answer him that? If not, Durdles will be as dumb as an oyster, till the time comes. [NOTE: This said with an air of mystery, indicative of concealed information of some unknown description.]

Questioned as to knowledge of the construction of Cloisterham Cathedral.

Replies—that if Durdles doesn't know that old shop, he would like to know who does. Has been in and around it, busy most of the time, a matter of ten or a dozen years—is not certain about the exact time, and doesn't know as he is bound to make himself an almanack for anybody. Has put up more monuments, and dug out more Old 'Uns as had been stowed away until their werry names was forgot, than any other person, man or boy, who has ever been in Cloisterham. Knows pretty well nearly every stone in it that is worth knowing; and, if he lives long enough, means to know them all. Can find his way about it, dark or light, from the crypt to the bell-tower, mostly as well as he can around his own house—which is not so big as to trouble him, even with his eyes shut.

Questioned as to whether the side-walls of the Cathedral are single or double—that is, with or without a ceiling of stone-work, leaving a space between the two walls. Knowledge to be his own, and not from hearsay.

Replies—[NOTE: With a certain sullenness, and evident disinclination to enter into the subject] that he does know of his own knowledge, though he does not see that he is under any call to tell, only that people, like the brats of boys, will not let him alone. The walls are double.



DURDLES' LIVE OLD 'UN.

Durdles acting as guide, they leave the hut, pass up a narrow and miserable alley, near that Travellers' Twopenny with which the Manager has now no business whatever, and are soon emerging on the river-bank, on some portion of which, in some ramification of villainy or trouble in connection with the fishermen or their boats, he expects to find the by-no-means desired though wanted Deputy.

The two have not so great a distance to proceed, however, as Durdles imagined. For they have scarcely opened the view upon the path, when they become aware of a group of four or five, on the edge of the bank and in evident commotion. Something unusual has certainly occurred, for as they come nearer they recognize the garb of fishermen and hear words of pity and alarm.

Then they reach the group, and as the details of the scene burst upon them, they not only see what they are not likely soon to forget, but what explains itself so well as scarcely to need an additional word.

On the grass of the river bank lies Deputy, or what remains of him—a mass of rags, torn flesh, and clotting blood—more nearly "eaten-up," in that sense attempted to be conveyed by the story-books, than often chances to others than those who fall into the jaws of lions or tigers. The right hand will never shy stones any more, even if life is spared to the body, for it seems to have been in a fanged mouth and is literally crunched—bones, flesh and sinews. The throat, too, is lacerated; though by the worst effect, there, is partially hidden by a thick black scarf, of netted silk, now soaked in blood, hanging around it. The eyes are closed, in death or insensibility: the former seems by far the more hopeful guess of the two, under all the circumstances.

Close beside him is poor Little Crawsha, on his knees, crying bitterly, his left hand supporting the incapable head, and his right pitifully trying to do what could only be done by both—to wring itself. Crawsha, the fisherman, is bending over the mangled little wretch, with his rough face full of pity and sorrow, and his own hands covered with blood from an evident attempt at rescue. There are two other fishermen, and one of them is holding, with a vice-like grip on the loose skin and firm hair of the neck, Black Tomboy, whose gory fangs and flaming eyes only

from the hatred which the dog had already shown towards the scarf and its wearer.

Mr. Honeythunder returns to London, the same afternoon, in a fly from the town to the inconvenient station, and thence by rail,—bringing back with him, in a close carriage in which there are also a bed and a surgeon—an Object. He has discovered it, something too late, perhaps, but, while it still contains life; and one of the metropolitan hospitals and a world of difficult experiences may aid him in making it, in time, something else than a mangled mass—possibly something else than a hopeless cripple or a boy-friend—even possibly a Man; just as some day there may pass out of his own mind, through actual benefits conferred upon humanity by unostentatious practical benevolence, or under the renewed benumbing influences of a sounding sham-philanthropy, the most humiliating of the recollections connected with his Thorn in the Flesh.

And Durdles, in a sort of stupid grief which is half joy, lounges and shambles back to his Hole in the Wall. He will be stoned home o' nights no more, and will never again hear that Flibbertigibbet chorus, and so feels, stupidly, that there has been a loss. But he will not be likely again to see her child in rags, in crime, and travelling towards the doors of a prison; and who shall say that this is not, again and always in his shambling and stupid way, sufficient compensation to the Stony One?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DATCHERY-DURDLES STATEMENT.

STATEMENT of Samuel Durdles, stone-mason and architectural monument worker, residing and carrying on the business of his calling, at Cloisterham, Chalkshire;—made in the presence of and taken down by Richard Datchery, Esquire, barrister-at-law (in expectancy), of Barnaby's Inn, in the city of London, in the county of Middlesex—at the lodgings of the said Datchery, at Cloisterham, on the — day of — 18—.

With reference to the disappearance of the young man or person known as and called by the name of Edwin Drood, and the suspicions existing as to the supposed murder of the said Edwin Drood, at or about Cloisterham, aforesaid, on the night of December twenty-fourth, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and....

labour, and long disuse of the faculty except in the mere act of signing his name at intervals of years,—of the amount of chirographic skill which he may once have possessed, rendering any attempted document of that character certainly illegible.

Much care used, however (Mr. Datchery makes this supplemental explanation, at once in justice to himself, and that the document may be held to possess all possible weight and authenticity), 1st, to impress upon Mr. Durdles the solemn obligation under which every man lies, in any civilized community, to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," when bearing testimony which may affect others—without the solemnity of an oath, as well as under that inducement; and 2nd, to obtain from Mr. Durdles, thus warned and with the understood additional inducement of good feeling and a certain amount of gratitude—precisely the meaning intended to be conveyed by him, even when many repetitions of phrases and involutions of questions have been found necessary.

Certain matters contained in the statement, in the opinion of the examiner more or less irrelevant to the issue, but retained and set down by him under doubt how far he would be justified in withholding from the future legal authority taking cognizance of the case, any fact, however apparently insignificant, which can possibly have the least bearing upon its details. Some explanation applying to frequent retention of Mr. Durdles' own phrases, and to repetitions, rendered inevitable by the habit of mind of Mr. Durdles, and possibly occurring more frequently than they would do under more favourable circumstances. As also, to certain explanatory notes, interpolated by Mr. Datchery.

Questioned as to his name, age, place of birth, residence and occupation.

Replies—to the first, that he does not see what that has to do with it. Name is Durdles. Everybody about Cloisterham knows Durdles. Most of them do not know him by any other name. Some of the boys [NOTE: With whom he seems to have been more or less at feud during most of his residence in Cloisterham] call him "Stony" Durdles, he supposes from his trade and the dust on his clothes; but he does not thank the young varmint, and he does not care. That is not his name: his real name is Samuel

He has took Old 'Uns out of 'em. Isn't that enough?

Questioned as to whether he ever took out any Old 'Uns, as he calls them, from between those walls. [NOTE. Referring to coffins, with very old remains, and in some instances effigies, discovered in and about many portions of the Cathedral] previous to the time before mentioned—the 24th December.

Replies—[NOTE. Not in the best temper.] No. He never did; but what then?

Questioned as to his ever having taken Mr. John Jasper through the Cathedral, from the crypt to the tower, at night and at the request of Mr. Jasper. And if so, when?

Replies—[NOTE. Very sullenly.] Has done so. Once. He disremembers exactly, but it may have been in the latter part of December—a few days, as he thinks, before the blamed row that got 'em all into trouble, and no thanks to 'em for it!

Questioned as to whether, on that occasion, he, Durdles, was entirely sober. If not, whence his liquor was procured.

Replies—[NOTE. Half-angrily.] What business is it of anybody but himself, whether Durdles was drunk or sober, that night? Well, if he must tell, drunk, likely. Remembers that he drank very little though, and must have felt the liquor more than ordinary. But he had a right to get as drunk as an owl, hadn't he? Liquor?—got it out of Mr. Jasper's bottle. Where else? Does anybody think Durdles fool enough to take people about, as a guide, finding 'em tipples at the same time? Not often!

Questioned as to whether, at any time, and if so how long, during that night's visit to the Cathedral, he lost sight of Mr. Jasper.

Replies—[NOTE. Reluctantly.] Yes. Went to sleep on the steps, for a while—as who had a better right, he should like to know? And when he was asleep, couldn't see John Jasper very well, or any one else, could he? How long?—may be an hour.

Questioned as to where were the Cathedral keys, at that time—to wit, when he was asleep.

Replies—that he had them on him and in his bundle, so far as he remembers. Found one of them on the pavement, in front of him, when he woke; supposes that he had dropped it. Well, what then? Nothing would hurt the key, would there?

Questioned as to whether any person temporarily in possession of the keys carried by him, that night, could have gained access, by their means, to the vestry, where the books of expense and other registry are kept.

Replies—[NOTE. With symptoms of surprise, at some new thought or idea.] Yes, he supposes that they could have done so, if they had wanted to. But what has that to do with it? Who would want to go into the vestry at that time of night? What are they all driving at, he would like to know?

Questioned [NOTE. After being duly informed, with a certain necessary severity, that he is present to answer questions, not to ask them, and that not only he may be legally forced to answer what he at present refuses, but also forfeit any compensation intended to be given him for the time occupied, as to any knowledge he may possess of the personality of a certain boy, age unknown, resident at Cloisterham, and known by the name of "Deputy," as to knowledge of his real name, that of "Deputy" being evidently a sobriquet or nickname. As to any employment of the boy "Deputy," by himself or others.]

[NOTE. Since this examination, a serious accident to the boy about whom this inquiry is made, placing him out of the question in any further proceedings, has made the answers immediately following, almost or quite useless. It has been thought a matter of duty, however, to preserve them as possessing a certain interest to the curious.]

Replies—that he does not know any other name for the boy who calls himself "Deputy." He may know another name that he ought to be called by, but nobody dares do it, and most of 'em don't know it, he supposes; and he is not going to tell what that name is, at any price; leastwise, not till the time comes [NOTE. Repetition, as will be noticed, of previous mysterious phrases, before applied to the disappeared person Durdles.] Employed the young varmint? Yes, he has employed him, to stone him [Durdles] home o' nights, if anybody would call that employment! Engagement to that effect about closing, owing to the young ruffian beginning to use bigger stones, that hurt when they hit, and to some other openings for him, that may keep him busy without stoning anybody; and to his [Durdles] intention not to be drunk so often—though he supposes [NOTE. Gruffly and as if with a certain sense of shame] that that is none of anybody's business but Durdles'. As to other occupations of "Deputy," knows that he has vittles—some kind, not much of 'em, but enough to keep him alive, and clothes that is mostly rags—for services at the Travellers' Twopenny, in Gas Works Garding. [NOTE. Place of location intended to be conveyed, the Garden adjoining the Cloisterham Gas Works; and the character of the house, as conveyed to the initiated by its name, that of only charging twopenny for a night's lodging, the beds being laid upon ropes suspended to pulleys, which ropes are violently dropped in the event of the lodger sleeping more than his twopenny worth and so late in the morning as to cause inconvenience to the proprietor—the lodger being thus thrown out on the floor and so effectually awake as well as informed of the time. This information secured with some difficulty and a slight personal exposure, without reference to Durdles, and preserved more as a curiosity than with any certainty of its being in the case under notice.]

Questioned, (after being impressively informed that all the preceding questions have been merely preliminary, though important, and that upon the explicit answer to the one about to follow, depends all the value of his information) as to any and all knowledge which he may possess, of events occurring at or in the neighbourhood of Cloisterham Cathedral, on the night of December 24th, and the succeeding day (known as and called Christmas Day), in any way connected with the presence or disappearance of the young man Edwin Drood, or which he believes to have any possible connection with the crime alleged to have been committed against that person.

Replies—[NOTE. After some moments of silence, and much fumbling with the large buttons of the coat] that he has thought it all over, and he won't! Nobody can make him, as he

believes, and he is going to try it! Durdles may have some secrets that he has the right to keep—same as other property—and this may be one of 'em! How would you like to be pumped—pumped—pumped—as if you was a blessed old well and a spout into you? Not a word do they get out of Durdles, about that, till he hears from him!

[NOTE. Evidence satisfactory, at this stage of the examination, that the habitual caution, not to call it sullenness, of the man Durdles' nature, is combining with a certain rude sense of what he considers honour, to prevent his speaking further or entering at all upon the important point. Necessity consequently arising, to employ, at this time, means that Mr. Datchery would have much preferred to hold in reserve, to create confidence in the mind of Durdles and induce him to proceed. Exhibit consequently made to him, of certain articles from a locked drawer (numbered 1 and 2 in the schedule accompanying) with information of their character, and also of a letter (Exhibit A of written papers in the case, as showing authority), with reading aloud of the letter, its place of date and signature—Durdles being nearly as incapable, under present physical circumstances, of reading written hand as of making it. Following this, manifestations of great surprise on the part of Durdles, not unmingled with a certain gratification. Comparative willingness, thenceforward, to relate all that he knows, on this special point; and peculiarly as well as redundancy of expression quite as marked as before.]

Questioned, in repetition, on the points to which reference has before last been made:

Replies—[NOTE. Not sullenly, as before, but evidencing a certain sense of his being defrauded, after all, in the taking away of his sole proprietorship in an important secret.] That, now that he has split, he doesn't see any use in anybody's keeping it. May be it is all right to tell it now; maybe it isn't. As for himself, Durdles would have kept it as close as one of the Old 'Uns, and there wasn't much danger of them telling tales, even though they had lips! [NOTE. Chuckling a little grimly, and with the air of one who considers the Old 'Uns to be held at a certain gratifying disadvantage.] However—no help for it now! out with it, like a bad tooth!

Had been satisfied, for a long time, that there was an inside wall to the Cathedral. Found it out, by measurements and by making up his mind that there wouldn't have been stone enough wasted—leastwise by anybody but fools and them as had their own quarries and labour to hand for nothing—to make the old shop so wide outside and so narrow inside. Thinks that old Tope [NOTE. The vorger, thus disrespectfully alluded to, though not an old man, and quite respectable] knowed it, too—only didn't want any one else to know it, for fear of having litter and rubbish about, if Durdles was set to looking into it a bit.

Well, there was a jolly old to-do about the Cathedral, that Christmas morning. Young Drood—so they said—had run away or been murdered, and everybody was looking for him and worrying and bothering that poor young fellow, Landless—he believes that was the name. Besides the wind had been so high the night before, as to blow off part of the roofing and let the rain into the tower; so that everybody as wasn't looking for Drood, was attending to that. Service in the Cathedral was very short in the morning—everybody scared, he supposes; and there was none in the afternoon, all along of the murder and the leak. So the shop was shut up close and tight.

Cannot state, explicitly, why he went into the Cathedral after dark on Christmas evening, but did so. May have been one reason, and may have been another—where's the consequence what sent him, so that he went? May be because he thought that the rain-leak from the ceiling of the choir; and may be simply because he was in the habit of spookin' about [NOTE. Latter phrase not well understood by the examiner, but supposed to refer to visiting lonely places at late hours, and to be used in the sense of "haunting."]

Had his lantern with him, at that time, and his bundle. He doesn't know that it is anybody's business what was in the bundle, or why he had it there. Suppose that there was a bit of bread and cheese and a sausage, with a drop of summat warm;—and that he may have intended to pick a bit and wet his throat there, where he was disturbing nobody and nobody could disturb him—any harm in that? If there was, he should like to know it. Had his lantern, because you wouldn't like to go into such a dismal old hole, in the dark, and break your shins over everything—would you?

Well—he may as well make a clean breast of it, as he has heard the gentlefolks say, he supposes. [NOTE. Much water, and some soap, would be necessary to produce that effect on Mr. Durdles, in a strictly literal sense.] He was sitting near the side-wall of the nave, picking his bit, when he heard a cry, that he could have sworn was behind the wall. It frightened him—he might lie all they liked, and say that such things don't frighten people; but they do! Durdles has been in a dark church, at midnight, about as often as any of 'em, and he isn't a chicken, and knows! Had heard the same sound afore—last Christmas, only that was Eve and this was Night. Had been frightened then, and was frightened now. Don't care who knows it. If any body has any objections, let 'em come to Durdles!

Believed at the time that there was spirits behind the wall, and that they was keeping some kind of devil's holiday, because it was Christmas—though he had no idea why spirits should choose that time, and hasn't any now. Nor does he pretend to explain how spirits can make a noise—that is none of his business, any more than some other things are other people's.

Started to run away at first, and upset his lantern, but luckily (for one anyhow) the candle didn't go out. Just then heard the cry again, in the same place, and somehow more like the voice of a man and less like a spirit. Wasn't so frightened then, but that he had brains enough to go up close to the wall and listen. Heard a man's voice, faintly saying "Help! help!" and some other words that he couldn't understand. Durdles isn't a fool [NOTE. Witness's remark] always, though some of the big-wigs think so! He can put that and that together, Durdles can, nigh as well as that old bag o' wind, Sapes! [NOTE. Disrespectful reference, recorded with regret, to the worthy Mayor

of Cloisterham, at whose hands Mr. Durdles may have suffered some past indignity.] He! he! Had heard old Sapes do that, more than once, and thought that he'd do it. Man missing—nobody can find him—man here that nobody knows anything about—why not the same? That's how I put it! He! he! [NOTE. Laughter grim, dissonant, and by no means pleasant.]

Well, Durdles set down his bundle, took his lantern, went below, to what they call the Punishment Cell, on the crypt-floor, and was back, with a crow and pick, [NOTE. Understood to be short for "pickaxe" and "crowbar," and to have no reference to the bird of that name, or to what would be properly called plucking it] before many of the young chaps would have got to the door.

Listened, and thought that he heard the cry, once more. Then all was still, and he was worse frightened than he had been at first. But made up his mind to go through that wall, and know what there was behind it, if he worked a month and dug down the old rookery [NOTE. Another disrespectful name for the Cathedral, used by Durdles, possibly on account of the black coats of the clergy, though some other and unknown cause may exist] altogether. Flung off coat and went to work.

Has no present idea how long he worked—what's the consequence how long? The stones was big, the mortar was hard, and the wall seemed that thick as it had been built to use up all the material in a hundred mile. Got a hole through, after ever so long, and the sweat a pourin' so that there didn't need any leak from the tower. When he felt the cold air on his sweaty face had a new scare [NOTE. "Skeer," as pronounced], but called out in a minute. Heard no cry, but directly a groan. Thought, then, that it might be a spirit dying, and that that might be something 'orrid; and started to run away again. Durdles isn't ashamed to tell when he is scared: maybe some of 'em as is would be scared offener! Did not run very far—not he! Come back, went to work again, and soon rolled out two big stones that let him through. Went in, with the lantern, a-shiverin' and a-shakin'. [NOTE. His peculiar expression, and preserved, as seeming graphic, even if commonplace.] And found—What's the use o' going on any further after that letter? Isn't all the rest, now, clearer than the light was in that there hole? Yet if he must, he must; but any one that says Durdles does it to bounce about anything he has done—lies, that's all!

Well he was there. Bruised, bloody, and half-dead—knowin' no more how he got there than, than a babby. Durdles didn't know him at first, spite of thinking of him afore. Must have used up his last strength a-cryin' and a-groanin', for he could only moan then. Durdles had a little left in his bottle: what would he have done, if Durdles had been one of them dry-bones old 'stainers? [NOTE. Supposed meaning, "ab-stainers"] with nothing but water in his bottle, to chill him worse and he half-dead? Not that Durdles doesn't know what an injury to him, and to everybody, he supposes, too much is; and he thinks that if so many of the people at Cloisterham hadn't looked at him out of the corners of their eyes, and disrespected him so much, maybe things might have been different. But then who knows?—and who cares?

Yes—he not only managed to let a little summat down him, after dragging him through the hole, but by-and-by a few monthfuls of food, and then he could sit up and talk—very faint and low, like a child, but so that Durdles could understand him. No matter what he said—Durdles is not going to tell that, any way. Yes—Durdles did help him out, by-and-by when he could walk; and keep him where nobody seed him that night; and help him away. Doesn't know where, and doesn't know why, except that it seemed to be carrying out one of his cranks. If it had been him, Durdles, he'd have made stir enough about Cloisterham, 'stead of going away—wouldn't he!

Inquiry repeated—what's the use of sayin' any more? Durdles kept his secret, like a man, he thinks, till now they come and worm it out of him! Doesn't see why he should have told all this, even with that letter and them things, as must make other people know more than himself. And now he supposes that it'll be all over, and he'll be drug up, somewhere, for goin' and doin' what he needn't. [NOTE. Assured, at this stage, that he need have no present fear on that point.] Werry well, then—Durdles don't want to be drug up, nor to say any more, if it's all the same to the big-wigs, and so he will shut trap and be as dumb as a blessed old oyster.

(Signed)

f Durdles

[NOTE.—No reason to believe, on the part of the examiner, that Mr. Durdles makes the above somewhat peculiar signature (the first letter seeming at once like an S, an F and a T)—with any forgetful fancy that his name is Frederick or Francis, or any desire to adopt the well-known Romish episcopal form, (as "John"); but rather, want of habit of signing, with possibly some faint recollections of periods of peculiar incapacity at which he may have been obliged to sign with a mere mark or X.]

Attest, as witness to both relation and signature,

RICHARD DATCHERY.

CHAPTER XX.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

WHAT induces Stony Durdles to invite Mr. John Jasper to a second night-visit to the Cathedral, something after the manner of that paid so many months ago, and yet very different in many particulars—may be set down as one of those problems needing more than a single effort for solution. And the remark will almost equally apply to the inducement which may present itself to Mr. Jasper, leading him to accept the invitation gruffly and yet forcibly tendered by the stone-mason. One might suppose, with a knowledge of all circumstances, that Durdles, whose absolute fear of Mr. Jasper has already been shown in the unwillingness with which he opens his mouth to canvass a single action of the Choir Master, and with his inevitable belief that on a previous visit the Choir Master dragged him and temporarily took possession of his keys for some purpose of doubtful legality,—possibly

nothing less than the moulding of them for duplication,—might be at least slow to put himself into complete isolation with the man he fears, late at night, in the old Cathedral where he has heard ghosts of screams and screams that were not those of ghosts. And one would correspondingly doubt the probability of Mr. Jasper, who might be supposed to have enjoyed quite enough of the Cathedral, at night, placing himself again within those walls, at the ghostly hour, to please the whim of any man—much less at the wish of a man holding no more commanding position than Stony Durdles.

Yet so it is. Durdles, shambling up to the Choir Master, dinner-bundle in hand and the lime and dust more than ordinarily thick on his habiliments—on a certain afternoon not long following Mr. Jasper's balked attempt at exploration,—has informed the latter of the result of long and patient investigation in one hitherto partially unexplored segment of the cryptic circle, where his hammer has told him of solid in hollow and hollow in solid still within, leading to the certainty that upon opening, which labour he intends to enter upon that very night, when he is sure of immunity from disturbance by them brats of boys—he will come upon one or more of Old 'Uns in such a state of remote antiquity, that there will probably be nothing remaining but the emptiest of empty stone-boxes, with the very inscriptions crumbled away in damp and mould. Additionally, he has invited the Choir Master to be present at this solemn ceremony of exhumation—marking that some of the others would give their eyes to see the Old 'Uns come tumblin' out in that condition, only Durdles won't let 'em, at no price,—and generally treating the opportunity as one which he could not be induced to offer to any other than this highly favoured person, whom he seems to consider, from past confidences on such subjects, as an expert in the difficult line of Looking-On and a consulting authority of great weight in estimating the present value of the Missing.

To this, Mr. Jasper has at first replied with that languor natural to a man whose enfeebled condition and fast-graying hair have now become matter of much pitying comment in Cloisterham—doubting whether the dampness of the crypt may not be more or less dangerous as likely to affect organs of the throat; and whether the services of the following morning, in the Cathedral, may not demand all the strength of his system, without subtracting from it by late hours. But something in the downcast face of Durdles, at this declaration, may have moved him to reconsider; and there may have been other reasons, rendering him feverishly anxious as to any explanations under the perpendicular line of a certain part of the Cathedral, and leading him to prefer being present and actually witnessing the result. At all events, after a single refusal he has accepted the invitation, for ten o'clock of that night, when Mr. Durdles has considered all unfriendly influences as surest to be temporarily at rest, and the Old 'Uns, however constitutionally averse to being disturbed in their rest of centuries, as likely to offer less than their average of dodging, hiding and other passive resistance.

The night is a close and sultry one, calculated to make the prospect of an hour or two in a cool vault less objectionable than at other periods,—when, at the appointed hour, Durdles stumbles up the postern-stair of the Gate House and makes known to the occupant that he is in readiness. Mr. Jasper is in waiting, and joins him at once—after taking the precaution, against throat-affection, to throw around his neck a scarf hanging on the back of a chair, and buttoning around him his surcoat a little more closely than any man would be likely to do who was not prevented feeling the heat by absolute exhaustion of the vital forces. He seems in better spirits than of late, however, as he comes down the stair and pauses for a moment under the archway, while Durdles makes some exchange in the modes of carrying his dinner-bundle (refuge against possibly long imprisonment and approaching starvation, in the vaults, and heavy now with keys and hammers), and his unlighted lantern (unlighted until the time for use, because he naturally does not wish to attract the attention of them brats of boys and either surround the Cathedral with a hooting and stone-burling crowd or afford the Old 'Uns much unbidden and unwelcome company).

They reach the Cathedral without the misadventure of meeting any one—dreaded by both, from very different causes. Durdles unlocks the door leading into the Crypt, and they enter. Is it something of the chill of the subterranean apartment, spite of his buttoned coat and scarf, that strikes into the frame of Mr. Jasper and makes him shiver as with an ague the moment they are within?—or is there remaining a frightened recollection of another and a late night when he opened the same door, unaccompanied by Durdles, and with a different key—flying away from a Horror that had no name and with a Fear to which he has never since been able to give definite shape? Possibly the latter may have more to do with the long shudder creeping over him than the former. But he masters it very fairly, all things considered; for he is not alone in the Crypt now, and the terror is more or less a thing of the past. He knows that, whatever it was affecting him, no such second weakness can assail him: he knows that never again, within the walls of that Cathedral—come what may—will he be found so unnerved and driven out of himself as on that occasion. And it is exceedingly well to be sure of this always, in places where the peculiarly painful has happened to us: recurrences bearing something of the character of relapses in disease, and being often more fatal than the original affliction. It is well to know that fears have so died within us, and assurances so strengthened, and our surrounding world so changed for the better, that the once-dreaded fears and consuming remorses can never come back to us in their past strength—never! never!

Durdles necessarily pays little attention to all this, being occupied with the lighting of his lantern, and the various transfers of portage, setting-down and taking-up of the dinner-bundle, rendered necessary in that operation. The lantern is in full glow, however, quite before John Jasper has shaken off the last lingering remains of his unpleasant chill; and the mouldy columns, the damp vaulted roof, and the dusky monuments at the circumference of the crypt, are all thrown once more into that dismal prominence remembered so shudderingly.

Meanwhile, Durdles makes a sudden pause, and

chuckles gratingly, as if pleased with some sudden thought.

"Lamp's lit," says he. "Lamp's shinin' beautiful! Why shouldn't Durdles be lit? Why shouldn't Durdles shine beautiful? Durdles shall!" and Durdles, mightily tickled, puts the beloved bottle to his dusty lips, saying, "Here's Durdles's oil, and wick, and light, and 'lumination, an' all!" and then that sacred place resounds with a secular gurgle of some seconds' duration.

"Now then, Mr. Jasper," says Durdles, when the double illuminatory arrangements are thoroughly complete—"now then, come along over here, where Durdles has been a-findin' of 'em. The Old 'Uns has been waitin' for Durdles, this long time, to be let out and aired, though they make a row, sometimes, when he does come to 'em. Durdles has heard 'em, more times than he's fingers and toes, grumbling out through the walls, after I'd been a-poundin' and a-hammerin' for a matter of an hour or two, pretty near 'em: 'Durdles!—why the devil don't you hurry

Which energy and determination are after a time rewarded—as they always must be, if we are to credit the assertions of goody-goody books and copy-heads. Durdles, when no very long time has elapsed, rolls out two or three stones of large size, but singularly easy to extract from their bed, and then, muttering triumphantly: "Here they are, Mr. Jasper! Durdles knows his business! Here's an Old 'Un as is an Old 'Un!" lunges forward with his whole body, as if having found an excellent opportunity to entomb himself in a distinguished manner, and being anxious to embrace it.

Mr. Jasper, looking in through what remains of the large hole after the rear-dimensions of Durdles have filled up a part of it,—and then squeezing himself in, with an unpleasant fascination which he can no more resist than endure,—at first sees literally nothing; under the dim light of the lantern, at that period held in the unscientific manner to be expected from a novice in the art of midnight torch-bearing.

Durdles, his own view no doubt obstructed by

through what has been the body, between the ribs, and possibly at the very spot where once beat the heart—a long stiletto, with a red stone still reflecting lurid rays at the end of the hilt, has been driven through, so far that the point remains in the bottom of the coffin and holds it upright.

It would not be easy to describe the effect of this discovery on the two persons present. Durdles certainly cannot be in the every-day habit of exhuming Old 'Uns of this special pattern; so that his surprise (the stupid measure of it being understood, and it being taken for granted that he has not seen it before, and used it under instruction)—is a thing of course. And it is equally certain that Mr. Jasper, only in his novitiate in the line of disinterment, is by no means prepared for this somewhat startling proof of how, and above all, why, they buried people so profoundly at some unknown period in the past. Does he shudder, so that the lantern shakes in his grasp? Does he turn so sick, in heart and head, that he might be on the

with words calculated worst to shake the equanimity of the undetected criminal? How could he come nearer to pursuing the straightforward course towards that end, if he had been employed by some scheming Datchery to act over again the discovery of an already exhumed remain of peculiar horror, for the very purpose of bringing the victim to the proper state of mind (if mind it can still be called!) for something more terrible yet to follow?

Mr. Jasper is tired of this very moon. He expresses as much in words not to be mistaken.

"Durdles, I have had enough of this!" he says, rallying by a strong effort. "Take your lantern and show me the way out of this hole, and out of the crypt; and be good enough not to trouble me again with the digging out of what you call your 'Old 'Uns."

"What, Mr. Jasper! not tired a ready!" exclaims the other, in natural surprise. "Want to go, and leave Durdles all alone with such interestin' old fellers as this, and all the waluables he's a-pickin' up? Why, see this knife—it's worth seven-and-six, if it's worth a ha'penny, and Durdles is the heir of unfortunate Holy Father deceased, name and circumstances of the cruel event unknown."

"Come, I say, show me out, and then you may come back and dig for a dozen more. I have told you that I have had enough of it!" repeats Mr. Jasper, sternly, even if the voice shakes a little.

Durdles, seeing that the other is thoroughly in earnest, not only falls into his views, but adopts them with singular facility (as is not unfrequently the manner of men).

"Well, if you will go, so will Durdles," he says, taking up his pick and crow. "One of 'em, of that sort, is enough for one night, isn't it, Mr. Jasper? Wouldn't do to find all the waluables at once, would it?"

Mr. Jasper thinks that it would not, and himself again taking the lantern, steps out from the dusky vault into the crypt. Durdles follows shouldering the two heavier tools as if for a tramp of miles, and necessarily knocking them against everything around and above him.

"Seeing that he's not a-going to work any more to-night, Durdles'll put these away in the little empty cell yonder, by the door, as we go, he suggests, in explanation of the shouldering; which might otherwise be unpleasant to his companion, under recent reminders and the idea that he was taking a promenade with a person quite prepared to bury as well as brain him at any moment.

It is to be supposed that Mr. Jasper accepts this explanation, and that he proceeds towards the door of the crypt with a certain sort of pleasure—confident that, whatever has been, the worst of it is over. Again it may be said—such confidence is very pleasant: it is so good to know that misfortunes and trials are ended and disturbing influences permanently at rest!

The door of the little cell to which Durdles has referred stands at only eight to twelve feet from the bottom of the stone steps leading up to the outer door of the Crypt. How it may have acquired the name of the Punishment Cell, no one knows with any certainty; though the explanation is probably accepted that at some old time when formal asceticism reigned more severely than at present, specially devout brothers may have used it as a spot for administering their self-discipline, or others employed it to discipline them by means of confinement and a little starvation. Be this as it may, the Punishment Cell it is called; and it is neither visited at all, except by Mr. Tope and some of his temporary queues of explorers, nor used for any purpose more important than the deposit of some small trifle of discarded material or light lumber.

It is in this cell that Durdles, no doubt in the habit of appropriating at will all the unappropriated, has declared his intention of leaving his crow and pick; and it is at the door of this cell that the stone-mason pauses with those tools, and the Choir-Master with his lantern, on the way to the Crypt entrance. There is no look upon the heavy planks studded with rusty iron nail-heads; and Durdles—the while Mr. Jasper stands very near and kindly lifts the lantern to allow him the better to step within and drop his encumbrances—Durdles lays hand on the heavy iron fastenings and swings back the door on its creaking hinges. Thrown full in at the door, the light of the lantern falls broad on the face and figure of a man standing immediately within—silent, immovable, the eyes seeming to have no more motion than the lips, and the left hand thrust into the breast of the coat. If ever spectre really came back to earth, from the confines of that dim and distant realm of which we speak most and understand least, of all the territory known to human thought—then John Jasper sees, at this moment, EDWIN DROOD, in face, figure, dress, and every appearance, precisely as he saw him last in life, except in one fearful closing-hour!

It has come at last—that dread Thing expected with a horrible expectation, feared with a sickening fear. No longer as one of many indistinct phantoms, distant even if marked in shape and individuality, it has come to him, now, in the awful prominence of Banquo to Macbeth, though he has been prevented going to it. He sees the bloodless cheek, marks the hollow and sunken eye, notes the dread ethereal quality of face, figure and clothing, through which the light seems to shine instead of merely shining upon them. His brain, already overwrought by the spectacle of the vault, and so ready for any new development of the terrible, sucks in the awful truth with instantaneous readiness. He realizes, as he has never before found occasion to do, the infinite distance, in awe, between the most ghastly detail of the charnel-house, however connected with crime, and the near presence of one who must come from all those natural laws defying immunity from all those natural laws defending us against beings of flesh. One who can enter through bolted doors and disappear through barred windows—who can mock the closed blind and disregard the drawn bed-curtain—who can assail without danger and terrify to madness without the knowledge of fear!

It has come! When will it leave him again now, except for those intervals that must always be filled with looking for its reappearance? Never, until the hour of death—so much seems certain; and after that—

He has an impulse to speak—to express to his companion the horror of the phantom, as well as to ask if other eyes than his own can see it.



THE GHOST OF EDWIN DROOD.

along?" and: "Have you any idea, Durdles, old man, how long we've been a-lyin' here, waitin' for you?" But they don't always play fair—the Old 'Uns don't; for sometimes, just as I come to 'em, they move, here, or there, or yonder, and give Durdles another job of diggin' afore he gets to 'em."

Enlivened by this slightly imaginative sally,—much more to be expected from unknown Durdles the Sculptor, than from known and lime-dusted scottish old Durdles the Stone-Mason,—Mr. Jasper naturally recovers his spirits, shakes off his besetting chill with less difficulty than might otherwise have been experienced, and accompanies the explorer to the scene of his congenial labours.

"There, you see how it is—just as I told you afore!" comments Durdles, recalling some of the technical information communicated so long ago, that it may possibly have been forgotten; and meanwhile repeating a few of those scientific taps with the hammer, already believed to have made discovery certain. "You hear that, Mr. Jasper! The wall's solid there, and nothing else than solid—stone, three or four foot deep, maybe more. And here it's solid again. But here—just you listen to that, though you mayn't have Durdles's ears for them little twists o' sound that tells him so much! Don't you hear something hollow and thumpy like, with a bit of jingle? Durdles knows that as if it was a organ, and he a-touchin' of the keys. Just you hold the lantern, so, and give Durdles a chance, and he'll show one of them blessed Old 'Uns as ever was, afore many minutes!"

Thereupon, Mr. Jasper consenting to be light-holder for the nonce, and thus a sort of apprentice to the great artificer—the Stony One throws off the coat with the big horn buttons; removes the dinner-bundle, lightened by the weight of his hammer, to a safer distance, scanned and measured with a critical eye, as if a matter of half-inches; and sets to work with the hammer, and with a crowbar and pick, no doubt left conveniently on the spot in waiting, at the time of his last preliminary visit.

He makes excellent and very rapid progress, in this instance. If Mr. Jasper was really more of an expert and less of an apprentice, in the disinterment of Old 'Uns, he might be aware with what singular ease the mortar seems to fall away from between the great stones, and with what remarkable facility the stones themselves are removed. He might even doubt, in that non-suspectable case, whether the sanctuary that Durdles is invading has not before been invaded and the once-removed stone-work replaced: Whether it can be possible that five, or six, or seven hundred years have done no more to cement the mass of stone and mortar into something almost impossible to separate. But then, even if he should fall under such an idea, the very natural reflection might follow, that possibly time disintegrates quite as often as it cements—that time and stone-work may grow weaker instead of stronger with age, after a certain lapse—and that the Cathedral itself may tumble down, at no remote period, from the same natural decay sending an old man to his grave. At all events, he gives no sign of being dissatisfied with the style of disinterment practised in his presence, but holds the lantern patiently, even if without much interest; and Durdles works on, with abundant energy and determination, aided by occasional recurrence to something mysteriously liquid and not proffered for distribution, in the dinner-bundle.

the same awkwardness, at once addresses his assistant and guest as thus:

"Hold the light down a little nearer, Mr. Jasper—and with a slope—so. Who could see in that way, Durdles would like to know! There—that is better. And now let's observe whether the Old 'Un is jolly at being visited at this time o' night by two persons o' quality!"

Mr. Jasper, with a feeling compounded of nearly as many ingredients as those composing the hell-broth of Hecate, and not much more appetizing in their character—fulfils the request as to the light, and accompanies the service with the unwilling use of his eyes. He expects, no doubt, to see, by that dim light, a heap of dust, a few bones, or a bundle of discoloured rags, and possibly a tress of hair—all that the most magnificent of us are likely to present to the prying gaze, after a few hundreds or even a few scores of years, entombed with what pomp and show they will, and wrap us with what robes and insignia of power they may! But he sees something appreciably different; and so does Durdles, if his stupid faculties are not too slow for taking in the impressive at a glance, or too entirely stunned and overcome by the natural surprise of the revelation.

It is then that the Choir Master sees and recognizes what has occurred at the removal of the last large stone by Durdles, and what are the actual surroundings of the discovery. He sees that the recess thus disclosed, is one of considerable size, with a roof of very rough stone, but carefully enough arched to indicate that it has once been open to the crypt, as a known recess in the thick wall, or only closed by a door, as a vault. Very old, unquestionably, and dating back to the very earliest monkish times—with a shudder in the mere thought of what may have taken place within and around it, in those days when one religion made foxes of the people of another, driving them to refuge in the caves of the earth, and metamorphosing them into wolves in the very act. But this is the least; for, looking down at the bottom of the recess, he sees that the removal of the last stone, at the moment of Durdles' triumphant cry, has allowed the side of a worm-eaten coffin of dark wood to fall away outward, leaving exposed what again recalls the monkish period with most ghastly force and prominence. Durdles, benevolently anxious that his guest and neophyte shall lose nothing of a spectacle so instructive, himself assists in guiding the rays of light in the proper direction; so that no detail escapes the unwilling and horrified gazer.

Scarcely the withered old Count of Nassau-Saalberg and his child-daughter lying in their tarnished lace and jewels, with death making horrible mockery of life in faces and figures, under the glass of gray St. Thomas's in poor old battered Strasburg, could embody more of the terrible than that which here meets the eye. For the skeleton remains of a Monk are here, some remnant of his black robe yet showing in the faded and discoloured rags, and his profession made plain by the rosary and crucifix yet hanging from what has once been the waist. Some bones protrude from the mass, at the height of the breast, as if the ribs have not all given way; and at the place of the head lies a skull, grinning more horribly than Yorick's. And yet this is not all or the most notable: Murder is plain as Death. For on the rags of the breast lies a discoloured parchment, once charged with what dreadful message of hate, vengeance or tyranny, who shall guess?—and through that paper, and

deck of a plunging ship in a gale at sea? Does he see fifty murdered monks, with the faded revelation of their doom on their breasts, lying there with poniards through their hearts, and bearing silent witness to long-past crimes of such atrocity, that the very stones of the Cathedral have been unable to hide them beyond their due period? Does the hiding away of the evidences of quiet, within the sacred precincts of the religious-house, assume a new shape, at this dread moment, to him who has so often intoned the solemn prayer, that the hearts of men may be inclined to Keep His Law? Do the feeble knees knock and the overstrained sinews nearly give way, in the presence of Mystery, Murder, and Sacrilege, so awfully combined? And even if all these, what is John Jasper more or less than mortal, that such should be the result of an ordeal passing the *peine fort et dure* in hard and cruel severity?

But Durdles speaks.

"Well," he says, surveying the rusted dagger, with stupid though very natural wonder, after removing it by a forcible pull from its adherence to the bottom of the coffin—"well, that beats Durdles, Mr. Jasper! If they haven't gone and murdered one of them Old 'Uns as was a Monk, and then hid him away here! Would you have believed that, Mr. Jasper—that any of 'em, as was the biggest willains on this earth, would have hid away the Monk as they had killed here? Durdles has seen some strange things, as he's been a-tellin' you, hereways and there-aways; but that beats him!"

Mr. Jasper, stone cold as if he might be the Monk lying at the bottom of the worm-eaten coffin, with the weapon through his heart—yet manages to reply:

"You may have been mistaken, Durdles. The dagger may merely have been stuck down beside him, not through him; and so there may have been no crime—only an odd fancy. Don't you see?"

But this relief to the situation, which Mr. Jasper tries to impart from some dim idea that the place is rendered less terrible thereby, and the thought of an overwhelming judgment for all men thus carried farther away—this touches Durdles in a tender point, that of his knowledge of exact locations; and he gives vent to a scoff of such gruff and severe character as might unpleasantly affect a man of stronger nerves than his companion.

"Hoot! Just as if Durdles was the old fool they call him, and didn't know whether he picked up a stick or pulled it out from a matter of two foot in the ground! No—besides that parchment bit, as means something if there was any one as could read it—don't you go to teachin' Durdles his business, if it's all the same to you! Durdles knows, just as well as if he seen it a-doin', that that Old 'Un, as was a Monk, had that dagger driv through him, and was hid away here by some willain of a murderer who didn't care whether he mugged up his victims in a church or a hayrick. That's Durdles' opinion, Mr. Jasper; and it's Durdles' opinion, and he don't care who knows it—that the devil's give him a double roastin' afore this, for mixin' up things in that way as wasn't respectable!"

Mr. Jasper makes a praiseworthy effort to command himself and to answer; but that effort is a failure. There are some things that no ordinary man, with ordinary nerves and sinews, can be expected to bear; and this may be one of them. What influence is it, possessing old stupid, blundering Durdles, to exhibit sights and run on

But a single glance at the stolid face of the stone-mason, who so evidently, looking in the same direction, sees nothing beyond the common, —and the sound of his gruff voice, asking in surprise:

"Whatever's wrong with you, Mr. Jaraper?" these tend instantly to destroy the last hope of the spectre being other than a personal visitant to himself, at the same time that they recall one portion of his self-command. He may die, but he will not place himself at the mercy of others by speaking!—of so much of his fate, at least, he will be master!

Then he tries to remove his gaze, but he cannot—any more than the charmed bird can escape the eye of the basilisk. A moment of this, which seems centuries and to be occurring in some theatre large as the Cathedral of his ordinary spectre-haunting,—and then comes the relief. All the blood in his racked body flies to the head, as if in rescue of the overwrought brain. Instantly the spectre assumes colossal dimensions, with all its details exaggerated even beyond that increase; then Durdles, beside him and seen with his side-sight, becomes a grim monster only less large and terrible; then a red mist surrounds both, and him, changing to a sea of blood that whelms and drowns him. He clasps hands to his throat—strangles—tatters—falls forward.

Stony Durdles has another task than seeking for Old Una, for the succeeding half-hour; and the dinner-bundle may be obliged to yield something to other lips than his own, before the next detail of his task is quite accomplished. What he has to do, however, he performs with that stupid persistence partially justifying the boast that "Durdles knows his work;" and there is a living man supported away from the Crypt-door of the Cathedral, at the end of that half-hour—instead of a dead one lying, as there might so easily be, uncoffined, but otherwise ready for the solemn service to roll through the gray arches above, in the morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEVILLE LANDLESS' VOCATION.

"You are looking better—I may say, almost well; and you cannot think how happy it makes me to see you looking the bright, brave young man, again, that you were on the day when I first saw you!"

Mr. Crisparkle was speaking, in his cheery and pleasant voice, the moment after entering Neville Landless' apartment at Staple Inn, on one of those calls not long before so objectionable to the China Shepherdess,—but now, it is to be presumed, after the full explanation between her son and herself, no more regarded either with the same fear or the same dislike. Some days had passed, however, since the last visit of the Minor Canon, making the event of something beyond the ordinary importance, from the understood anxiety of both.

Neville, who had sprung up to meet his friend and mentor, with a marked exhibition of the old alacrity, had his hand in his, at the moment; and it is possible that something in the feeling of that hand—its entire freedom from fever or nervous trembling—may have induced Mr. Crisparkle to speak more hopefully than he might otherwise have done.

"Ah, do you think so, sir?" the young fellow responded, showing at once gratification with the remark and the manner of its making. "Mentally or bodily—which do you mean, sir?—or may I hope that you think me improved in both?"

"In both, decidedly, Neville," was the reply of Mr. Crisparkle, taking the chair that had been offered so cordially through that best of invitations, an earnest motion of head and hand,—and replying by making a corresponding signal that his host should resume his own seat. "In both, certainly; though in point of fact, with you, to say the one is to say the other. You have not been ill, in body, at all, except as the mental distress to which you have been subjected, has naturally produced a certain effect on the physical nerves, that are really, as you know, servants of the mental organization."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the young man, with something like one of his old sighs, elicited from the Minor Canon a good-natured warning.

"Tut! tut! none of that, my dear young fellow—none of that!—or I may be obliged to retract my favourable opinion!"

"No, sir, I think there will be no occasion for recalling the very kind expression. I assure you the sigh was much more a matter of habit than one of feeling. I was merely indulging a momentary shame over my own weakness, and on the point of apologizing for it—nothing more."

"You need not even do that, I fancy," pursued the Minor Canon, pleasantly as he had before spoken. "What you meant to say, I suppose, if I had not interrupted you, was that you were ashamed of having allowed the mental to produce such an effect on the physical? Am I right? Yes?—As a pendant to that, then, you would probably have gone on to say that man, as a man, ought to be able to control the mental, as he cannot always the physical—and that consequently there was more of disgrace attached to any one allowing the mental to be overcome, than to one in whom the physical only succumbed. Have I stated your idea correctly?"

"Quite correctly, sir. You are kind enough to say that you think me very materially recovered from whatever may have been affecting me. I am happy to believe that you do not misjudge—that I am nearer what I should be, in every regard, than I was one month since, and very much nearer than three months ago. But you must allow me to be more ashamed of having been off my balance at all, through some influence temporarily debilitating the mind, than if I had been merely suffering, during the same period, with a broken leg or a fever—must you not, sir?"

"Humph!" replied Mr. Crisparkle. "You are undoubtedly much better, Neville. Nothing proves that fact more conclusively than the very clear disposition to use your reasoning powers—not to say your argumentative ones. No—pray do not object to my word, or make any disclaimer. But allow me to show you that even your argument is not without a flaw. You are inclined, I see, still, to confound the fact with the cause. Now the cause may be something to induce shame—the fact one involving no shame whatever. Why more shame in a mental affection than a bodily? Because the mental presupposes the existence of some error or mistake leading to it? But may not the bodily ailment also reflect on the conduct that has produced it?"

You have named a broken leg: if the leg became broken by some one throwing a slate off the roof, and hitting your leg, or by your falling into a hole left carelessly open by some other person, or by any other accident of the class not involving your own personal folly or wrongdoing, then there would be no shame to yourself in either the cause or the fact. But suppose you had broken your leg in climbing where you had neither occasion nor absolute right to climb, or in a struggle which you had provoked or might have avoided! Or, suppose that even your fever, just cited, had been produced by an excess reflecting no credit on your temperance, or by an exposure from which a moderate amount of ordinary judgment must have kept you—would there not in either of those cases be as much shame attached to the physical disorder as to a corresponding amount of mental?"

"Undoubtedly there would, sir," was the admission. "And undoubtedly I have needed just the lesson you have been reading to me, or a sharper one. I think that I am nearly or quite recovered; you are kind enough to think the same; and in five minutes of conversation I manage to demonstrate that though I may be improving, I am by no means well. A little of the morbid feeling is here yet, sir, I fear."

"And I fear very little on that account," returned the Minor Canon, hopefully. "No—the crisis is past—I have no doubt of the fact; the patient, with Heaven's help, will complete his recovery. He has been imprudent, as I think that I may have told him at the moment when he was contracting the disease; but there lies a world of purification in the fact that he has suffered."

"Suffered? yes—I have suffered, sir, I think," replied the young man, with some evidence on his face that the past tense did not quite cover the case. "Not half my desert, I have no doubt; but more than I would once have believed that I could consent to suffer, and live!"

There was deep feeling in his words and manner, and the Minor Canon recognized it, though without that hopeless pain which had at one time moved him in hearing the despairing cry of the same voice, through the darkness of his great disappointment and sorrow. He looked upon him, as he paused, with a loving interest which the object of it little understood; and he did not break the pause until Neville resumed:

"I hope that you will not misjudge me, sir, if I say a few words more, that perhaps I ought to say, in justice to myself. No: that is not the phrase—in justice to your opinion of me, sir, which I value so highly. So far as I know myself, the weakness is over, and the worst of the suffering with it. I know my fate, and I hope and believe that I am prepared to meet it like a man."

"With the help of One stronger than yourself, Neville!—with His help, remember!"

"Thanks for the reminder, sir, though I may be able to show you that I did not leave that first of elements out of the calculation. I was about to say that probably I have been playing the hypocrite, much of the time since—since my misfortune; though perhaps hypocrisy is not the proper word for a deception practised more than half on myself, and at least a portion of it unconscious."

"Candidly, my dear Neville," said the Minor Canon, "your commencement is a little misty, whatever may come after it!"

"Pardon me, sir—so it is—I know it!" confessed the young fellow, with a healthier colour on his cheek, in the slight blush of embarrassment thus arising—than his friend had seen there for many a day. "The fact is, I fancy, that I am merely trifling with words, and that I must abandon the habit, which does not sit well on me. Once more—then. You have believed, I have no doubt, and I have half-believed, myself, that my melancholy was principally induced by shame at the false accusation made against me. In reality, it had a different origin. I was sick with love—for one whom we need not name; and half-alarmed by the circumstances, making it impossible that I could ever say so much to—the woman I adored, much less hope to win her. The other feeling—I know it now—was entirely secondary, if not half a pretext. Had the other only existed, I should have flung it off, with scorn if not with anger: as it was, I was overwhelmed before that came, and the little additional weight was therefore sufficient to prostrate me."

"So I more than half believed, Neville—with a little experience in our natural tendencies towards deceiving ourselves on some point where our self-love has been touched: but pray pardon my interrupting you!" mildly spoke Mr. Crisparkle; and the other continued:

"Do you quite understand me, now, sir? Do you quite see how heavy the burden I have been bearing? I do not expect you to feel it: Heaven spare your good and kind heart, Mr. Crisparkle, from ever knowing what it is to have set all the earthly affections in a place where they can have no hold!—from ever turning the eyes of your heart in a direction in which they have no right to look, or in which they can only see suffering and disappointment! I do not wish you, sir, at that cost, to know what it is, to go astray, there!"

Again the Minor Canon was silent, marking the deep earnest in the tone of the other, and perhaps stilled—who can say?—by something very different to any contemplation of him or his fortunes! When he replied, as he did after a moment, his voice was very low and sweet, as if, insensibly, it flowed with the blood from somewhere near the true, rich, warm heart, and was softened and mellowed thereby. Yet when he spoke, he played the hypocrite quite as pronouncedly as Neville Landless had just accused himself of doing: let the question of the guilt involved be settled how it may, between his own conscience, the good Bishop of the Diocese, and those Powers equitably holding the destinies of both!

"No—Neville!" he said. "No—my dear young friend. I quite join you in hoping that it may never be my fate to know, any more than I know at this day, what may be the pangs of hopeless and disappointed love! But I trust that I have enough of human sympathy as well as true friendship, quite to understand and feel for—did I not hear you say—I believe that I did not misunderstand you?—your past suffering and melancholy?"

"Yes, I certainly did use that expression, sir, and I did not use it unmeaningly!" answered the young man, drawing himself up with a certain pride. "Suffer I may, and must, I suppose, more or less—always; but I thank God that the

day has come when the worst is over—when I can speak of myself as being—yes, there is no other than the common and physical word to express in—cured!"

"And with the cure of your mind, the cure of your body has come—as I hoped, and as I thought. That is well—how well, you scarcely know, as yet, I think; but I can fervently join you in thanking the Almighty for this, not among the least of His deliverances. Do I trespass too far, in asking: have your studies done so much to change the direction of your mind, and improve you so remarkably, within the few days since I last saw you?"

"You do not trespass at all, sir, and perhaps I am rather glad than otherwise to have a necessity for answering you!" replied Neville, bravely, though it was evident that now, at least, he did not speak without emotion. "No—my studies have not done all, sir, nor nearly all. Do not condemn me until you know what I mean, when I say that I owe much to that passion which we are always so warned against—Pride!"

"Pride? Indeed?" echoed the Minor Canon. "Yes—Pride. Reawakened, perhaps, and perhaps new-born. At all events, that feeling which would not allow me to continue loving the woman who loved and was about to marry another."

"Loving?—Miss Bad?—pardon my mentioning the name, as I did not intend to do!—she, loving and about to marry! Neville, I am by no means a plethoric or short-breathed man, but you are making me breathe a little less easily than usual!" Undoubtedly the man of long constitutional and fine physical training was catching his breath, as a header into the river in November would scarcely have forced him to do.

"Yes, sir, I have no right to betray the secrets of others, unless I am obliged to do so in self-defence or unavoidable explanation; but perhaps one of the two excuses may have been afforded me. I need but mention one name, and you will know as much as myself—possibly more. Mr. Tartar."

"Mr. Tartar! And you know this, beyond a doubt?"

Neville Landless was about to respond, in corroboration of the words just uttered, when that occurred which delayed the reply, and before it found opportunity for utterance so changed its character as to render it unrecognizable.

There came a light tap at the door—a woman's, by the clear delicacy of the touch. Neville sprang from his chair, went to the door, and opened, and Helena Landless came into the room. Possibly she had not heard the voices of the two: it was sure that she did not know of Mr. Crisparkle's presence. She was dressed for walking; and the gauzy material of her bonnet harmonized wonderfully well with the rich brown of her cheek and the splendid brightness of her tawny eyes, while her close-fitting costume showed her lithe waist and the tall erectness of her figure to equal advantage. Indefinably, the eyes were both softer and nearer to smiling than their wont: she would have seemed to a close observer, less than usual, at that moment of the keen, self-possessed, dangerously lovely girl of the tropics—more of the perfecting woman, with a thousand needs and capacities for happiness, only to be supplied by one, and he the happiest of all mankind to be so permitted. There was a change, since Mr. Crisparkle had last before looked upon her; and what had caused it? Could it be, that all before remaining of the tiger-blood—only a drop, in comparison with the full tide of her woman's heart; however powerful in moving her to fierce energetic action—could it be that this had gone out from her, exhausted in the single hunting down of one criminal and forcing a fatal secret from her lips? Could it be, that Joe Giffert—representative and reminder of bygone days of wrong and suffering, had laid off his garments of dangerous disguise at once and for ever?

Did the Minor Canon see and mark this indescribable change, which certainly rendered the young girl so much more attractively handsome, and therefore so much more dangerous in a new direction? Perhaps so; or the late conversation may have made him peculiarly susceptible to certain influences, and less than usual under that strict command which he made it so stern a part of his duty to hold over himself. Certain it is that for the moment he was unarmoured,—and that the China Shepherdess, could she have seen him at that crisis, would have found all her fears renewed and considered his case as one beyond the curative capacities of the upper closet.

For as the young girl, recognizing her brother's visitor, whom she had not met for many weeks (accidentally on her part, through prudent care on his), came forward with both hands extended and those words of the very warmest affection and respect which she could never more willingly breathe to any one on earth than to the good Minor Canon—he reddened, paled, trembled, almost stammered his greeting—lost his equanimity so completely, that while Helena only saw her friend and preceptor as a little less at ease in the unexpected breaking in of a lady upon a conversation that might have been important and its interruption embarrassing—her brother must have been blinder than his wont, not to observe the omen, note it, understand it!

"It is a great pleasure to see you in good health and spirits, Miss Landless," at length the clergyman commanded himself enough to say. "Only second—if you will excuse the ungallant nature of the remark—to finding your brother so wonderfully improved in every regard."

"He is improved marvelously, is he not?"—thanks to the kindness of many friends, and yourself always first among them, dear Mr. Crisparkle," she responded, little aware how much there might be in so simple an expression of pleasure to that peculiar hearer. "But, by-the-bye, though Neville has lately several times spoken of your calling upon him, I have been so unfortunate as to miss you. Pray do not allow him, when you call, to be so selfish as to appropriate you entirely; for remember that his friendship is of no older date than mine, and that when it comes to a question of precedence, I may even show myself woman enough to be jealous of my twin-brother."

Mr. Crisparkle (hypocrite again, with the same opportunity of demanding lenient judgment) spoke something of his professional duties, (which by no means explained his avoidance of her, when he did call) and closed with a regret (candid, if the former expression was not!) that any occupation or accident should prevent his often enjoying the great pleasure of meeting her.

A few more words, not farther removed than these from the everyday and commonplace—words having in themselves no element of remembrance, except as the lips shaping them have the power to transmute the most trifling utterance to something of untold value; and then, with a good-bye to the clergyman, as heart-warm as had been her greeting, and the kiss of an hour or two of farewell to her brother—Helena Landless passed away from the sight of the two upon whom she had come so suddenly. Passed away, yet leaving them as differently circumstanced towards each other, as if in her brief presence a complete metamorphosis had fallen upon the relative thoughts and feelings of each.

For quite a moment, after the young girl's disappearance, there was silence in the room. Both were standing, then—the Minor Canon, as he had risen to make his farewells; and Neville, as he had accompanied his sister to the door, for some little last word. Both were embarrassed beyond question, by the belief entertained by each (no uncommon occurrence, by the way, in other life than that of the stage!), that he knew what the other could not possibly suspect, and that awkwardness might grow out of the misunderstanding. But the pause was broken by Neville, whose frank straightforwardness went far to prove that though in his past misery he might have been labouring to deceive himself, he could scarcely have formed the same intention towards others. He came up to Mr. Crisparkle, and grasped his hand warmly, at the same time uttering words that the other was not likely to forget, to his dying day. Words, too, which the clergyman would not have had recalled, after once spoken, at any price within his reach, though he would have been equally incapable of giving occasion for them by any premeditated utterance of his own.

"Forgive me, sir," he said, "and forgive her. We have neither of us been aware what we were doing."

Least willing of all men was the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle to use a subterfuge, when it could be avoided; but we have more than once seen him doing so for what he believed a meritorious object; and it was not in human nature, however disciplined by mental and moral headgear, to avoid the slight uncanonry involved in the question:

"Forgive you, and her? What can you possibly mean, Neville?"

"Pray, sir, do not make it more difficult for me to say what I feel it my duty to say, by making me additionally feel that I am intruding where you do not wish to have me come!" returned the young man, with the deepest feeling in his tone. "But again I must say—pray forgive me, and her!"

The Minor Canon's face has been pale and red by turns, in those unfortunate moments of betrayal; but there was only the one colour, now—the deep flush, brother of the one suffusing it, at the time of the accusation by his mother. He might have been seventeen, then, again, instead of at that ripe middle-age supposed to bring calmness of blood and equability of temperament. He tried to speak, but either could not succeed or judged it best to avoid the hazard; and Neville Landless resumed.

"I may be offending you unpardonably, sir; but I cannot help what I am saying, as you have been so frank with me, as well as so kind. Once more—forgive me for bringing my sister into the way of your useful and happy life, and forgive her for not being other than she is."

"You suspect, Neville, my dear young friend—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, sir; but I suspect nothing. For the last ten minutes I have known, with a pride and shame beyond the power of any words to express, that you love my sister!"

The face of the Minor Canon was troubled, then, as perhaps it had never before been in the view of any man; but he did not speak, and the other continued.

"One month ago, sir, I should have quite forgotten my own unhappiness, I think, in the knowledge that she had awakened such an attachment in the breast of the man of all men whom I should have been proudest to call brother. To-day I am made unhappy, because I know that only unhappiness can be the result. I know that I am offending you quite past forgiveness, but my duty must be done, as I have not always done it: my sister has another attachment, and could never be your wife, if you even knew how dear, good and true she is, and thought her worthy of that honour."

"Honour!" the Minor Canon literally gasped as he uttered the word with something nearly akin to anger at the person, even though a brother, who dared use it in such a connection. "Honour! who could honour her by asking her to share his life, even if he offered a crown as an inducement!"

The flood-gates were open, now, as they would probably never be again; and he poured out the words which succeeded, with the very opposite of his late hesitation and embarrassment.

"No—Neville Landless, there could be no 'honour' done to your noble sister, even in laying down life at her feet! You have discovered my secret—how I cannot guess; and I acknowledge—not my weakness, as some might call it—but my pride. She has an attachment, you say? Thank God for that, as it cannot be other than a worthy one! She will fulfil her destiny as a woman, and be happy: Heaven bless and keep her, always, and make her perfect as she deserves to be, here and hereafter!"

"Oh, sir, if I could tell you all!" exclaimed the brother, perhaps with some doubt whether his privilege did or did not extend to disabusing the mind of the clergyman, of his fatally mistaken ideas as to his sister's "happiness;" but he was not allowed to continue. The Minor Canon extended his hand, and said:

"Give me your hand again, my dear young friend, not only as that friend, but as the brother of the noblest woman whom I have ever met—the woman whom I should have been proudest to call 'wife,' had such a thing been possible. But it cannot be—it could not be from the first. I have betrayed my secret; and I am sorry, because the knowledge may add to your unhappiness. It must not add to hers, or detract from any happiness within her reach. Promise me, if you believe that I am and have been a friend,—that not a word of this shall ever pass your lips to your sister! You will make that promise, Neville, I know that you will, for her sake!"

(To be continued.)